

The

April

Leatherneck^{25c}

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

APR 2 '48

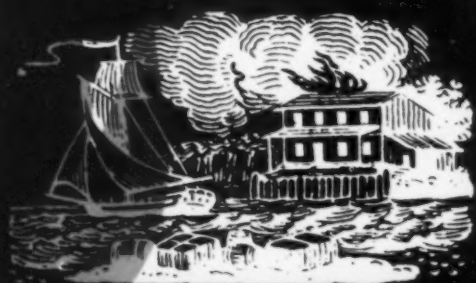


GAYNOR

GREAT DATES OF THE MARINE CORPS

APRIL 20, 1861

GOSPORT



THE first sharp land encounters of the Civil War ended in victories for the Southern forces. The surging tide of gray had also overcome all but one naval installation south of the District of Columbia—Gosport Navy Yard in Virginia.

Then came one of the war's hardest blows to the boys in blue. Virginia decided to secede from the Union and the Confederacy lost no time in preparing for an assault on Gosport. Due to its lack of naval power in the beginning of the war, the South had long coveted this easy prize which lay almost within musket reach of its armies. Within its harbors were more than a dozen Union ships and the installation itself contained great stocks of precious naval stores.

When official Washington realized that Virginia was preparing to join the Southern forces, Gosport was ordered evacuated to a safer spot. But safety by that time had become something only to be desired; not achieved. The Confederates had sunk stone-laden boats across most of the channel leading out of the harbor, and pressed against Gosport's back door was the Army of Virginia.

With the danger of losing the naval station already imminent, the Secretary of the Navy dispatched Captain Hiram Paulding on the ship *Pawnee* with 100 Marines from the Corps' Washington post. Capt. Paulding picked up an additional 250 volunteers at Fortress Monroe and arrived at the besieged Navy Yard to find the commandant there belatedly engaged in scuttling the ships in the harbor to keep them out of Confederate hands.

On the night of April 20, the *Pawnee* squeezed through the channel into the yard. She and her Marine invaders set up such a din that the residents of Norfolk and Portsmouth began preparing for a reprisal raid on their own cities which the Southerners expected in return for an invasion they had made on a Union magazine just below Norfolk the night before. But the *Pawnee's* mission contained no such objective. The Union troops had to destroy the yard before the Army of Virginia struck.

After sizing up the frigate *Cumberland* and noting her position among the anchored ships, it was decided that she would make a break for open water with the *Pawnee*, carrying away from the yard all that was of value. Books, archives and thousands of dollars worth of gold and silver found their way into the *Cumberland's* holds. In the meantime, Lieutenant A. S. Nicholson and a detachment of Marines were storming repair installations. Magazines were broken into and their contents which included cannon, rifles and pistols, kegs of powder and shot and shell, were relegated to deep six.

While residents of the nearby towns watched from rooftops, they heard the thunder and felt the concussion of the blasts. The actual destruction of the base had begun at nine o'clock in the evening and by midnight the job still was undone. A large barracks in the center of the yard was fired to provide light for the rest of the operation.

Early on the morning of the 21st, the Marines began to mine the Navy Yard. They scattered inflammable material from one end of the compound to the other, and spread a blanket of gun powder over it. Whole kegs of powder were planted in the vessels lying at anchor. They attached fuses to these destructive caches and boarded the *Cumberland* and *Pawnee*.

As the two ships moved through the perilous channel, a rocket was set off from the deck of the *Pawnee*. In almost the same instant, as though hundreds of hands had simultaneously touched a flame to the mines, the entire base became scattered piles of debris. Those ships in the harbor which did not immediately sink burned brightly and the glare could still be seen from the *Pawnee* and *Cumberland* long after they had headed for the open sea.

The citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth managed to extinguish some of the fires which raged in the yard. As for the Marines and sailors who had been trapped at Gosport when Virginia seceded, all had been evacuated in a hale and hearty condition to help finish the fight which preserved the Union. **END**



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THE LEATHERNECK, APRIL, 1948

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 4

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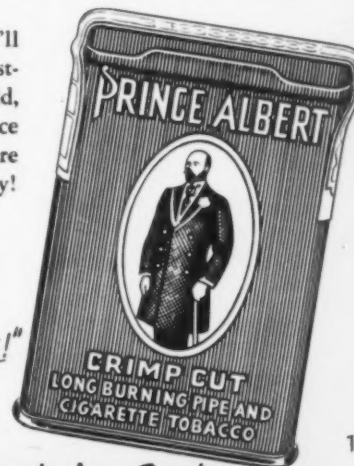
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CAVES FOR DEFENSE



**Mankind is surveying its last
and probably safest refuge —
a strange world underground**

THE cave which was man's first dwelling place may well be his last. He emerged from a hole in the ground into the sunlight in relatively modern times, blinking, fumbling and frightened. Today, after several million years on the face of Mother Earth, he is thinking about going back to the same old stand that was occupied by his cave-dwelling ancestors. His mind is just as full of mis-giving as it ever was.

From the purely speculative point of view, society could advance numerous reasons for wanting to go underground. When a young groom, caught in the tangle of the housing shortage, promises to "dig his bride a little home" he is doing considerably more than just punning on a national crisis. But there are more serious reasons than that for terra-firma minded civilization to want to go below decks. Not the least of these are the many warnings, some justified and others not, that America has until 1955 to put its subterranean house in order for defense against the A-Bomb.

by Vernon A. Langille



Photos by Sgt. Wm. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Small exploration parties such as this one mapped scores of caverns during the war for the Mapping Division of the Army



Caves are neither easy to find nor simple to enter. Clark's Cave, Virginia, is guarded by a sheer 65-foot rock precipice



Upon entering a strange cave, careful Spelunkers mark their journey through the bowels of the earth with ordinary twine



Burton Faust, veteran Speleologist and author of articles on cave crawling, collects mapping data in an unexplored room

CAVES FOR DEFENSE (cont.)

Clara "Dutch" Schultz,
ex-WR and cave crawler,
models Spelunker dress



On May 29, 1947, a special advisory commission to the President handed Harry S. Truman a startling document on the status of U.S. national defense. It indicated that the military strength of the nation had been sapped by demobilization and an eight billion dollar armed forces appropriation wasn't going to help things much. With little likelihood of the country's regaining its offensive might, the commission did an about face and proposed something be done about defensive might. The nation could carry out any or all of the commission's following suggestions:

Disperse industry, decentralize cities, or hie away to the dark haunts of Stone Age man. The first two suggestions would be outrageously costly, and if carried out according to either of the two existing proposed plans, would drag on into the 1960s—much too late in view of the belief that countries desiring the bomb for their military larders can have it for the shekels it costs to produce.

For the bulk of information about the country's underground frontier, the military has called upon the American Speleological Society whose members have been nosing around holes in the ground for years. Up until 1940, the members, some professional Speleologists and others, amateur Spelunkers, have been exploring caves for science and sport. But when the war began, cave crawling for fun ended and the society was put on almost an official footing. The cavers were given extra gasoline rations to make their trips to the hinterlands where caves are found. Their work parties returned weekly with gobs of facts, figures and maps describing the bowels of the earth. They made the information available to all government agencies

desiring it. Most of it went on file with the Army Mapping Service, an organization which does not officially chart the underground but sees a great future usefulness for such subterranean statistics.

The Speleologists say that the United States has one of the finest natural defense systems in the world and all that remains to be done is use it. They estimate that there is enough cave space below the surface of the earth to house every citizen of the country, trappings and all. Of course this is not intended to mean that every man, woman and child will have the same amount of floor space that they now have. However, modern architects long have upbraided Americans for their wasteful use of space and total lack of functional living sense. The Speleologists consider this fact also a part of their argument. They further drive home their point by maintaining that going underground, with moderate improvements of the chosen sites, would cause society no particular hardship. At least not one one hundredth the hardship of being above ground during the explosion of an atomic bomb.

Although the amount of protection that a good, deep cave would offer against an atomic explosion has never been exactly determined, the success with which underground sites were used by Germany and Japan against the best blockbusters of their enemies lends practicality to the idea. Hitler at the end of the war had much of his aircraft industry underground, including the production of his pets, the V-1 and V-2 missiles. The idea in Germany was not new even then. Two of the country's biggest, most up-to-date subterranean installations, the Baden storage and Mulhausen instrument plants, were begun during World War I. Three highly developed underground electrical generating stations discovered around Clausthal, Germany, kept an uninterrupted supply of power flowing to mines and industrial towns in the area despite repeated heavy bombings.

The Japanese began copying the Fuhrer in earnest right after the Twentieth Air Force's B-29 raid on the Nakajima Aircraft Plant No. 3 in '45. AAF Industrial Preparedness Planning Program investigators discovered after hostilities that the Japanese had 19 aircraft parts and assembly plants operating on some 196,000 square feet of abandoned quarry floor. The famous Otome sheet metal parts fabrication plant was found unharmed in its underground home which consisted of 12 parallel tunnels driven through a high hill and made accessible from both ends. In one instance the Japanese demonstrated the facility with which a country can go underground if it must. Transfer of one industrial site, lock, stock and barrel, took less than a month's time. The plant was put into full production 10 days later.

The Army and Navy's interest in the caves came out in a report by the two services' Joint Munitions Board which carried out a nation-wide survey of possible underground sites. Caves were considered for civilian shelters, industrial areas, bomb storage centers and atomic bomb launching sites. The survey covered "wild" caves, the Speleologist's term for caverns which are undeveloped and in many cases unexplored; and commercial caves, the caverns which have been improved and added to the country's booming recreational meccas.

Characteristics of the caves which the board desired recorded give a clear enough picture of their intended use. The characteristics included: floor space, ceiling height, humidity, overhead cover, soil and rock conditions and accessibility. Other general considerations included aerial cover, proximity to communications, transportation, utilities and housing facilities.

Numerous wild caves and commercial caverns could be made into huge subterranean shelters



The East coast, likely area for an atom bomb attack, enjoys a wealth of natural defenses

Some of the atom-proofing secrets which the board learned included one factor which the Germans fortunately learned too late—that subsidiary industrial activities must go underground as well as the heavy industries themselves. These, they found, could be accommodated in the wild caves, most of which have at least one or two reasonably large rooms. Subsidiary plants include assembly, tool, machine and power plants, all of which were made targets of priority for Allied bombings during the war.

It is now a known fact that while direct hits on the big Krugg plant curtailed production only 30 per cent, destruction of power generating and distributing facilities resulted in virtual shut-down. Directors of the Daimler-Benz plant reported to the Nazi high command that more and more it became evident that even subterranean plants could not function during air attacks unless they had their power, water, forge and foundry, transportation and communications facilities underground as well.

One of the world's leading engineers presently employed in drawing plans for underground factories is Guy G. Panero. He outlines two specific types of installations, one a manufacturing unit and the other a chemical process plant. Each would cover about four city blocks and would be between two and three stories high. These plants would be medium-sized, proving that the New York architect has no qualms about the size of industries that can be taken below ground.

Although there was never any evidence that the Germans and Japs had quarters for plant

personnel within their underground factory areas, the American planners consider it a prerequisite to 100 per cent uninterrupted production. Plants housing employees would need cafeterias, medical facilities and, at least, temporary sleeping quarters and food supplies, should attack make it necessary for the workers to go for a period of time without contacting the outside. Other needs would include air conditioning for heat and smoke dissipation as well as for breathing. The magnitude of this problem alone is brought out by the fact that a single blast furnace will lap up from 15,000 to 20,000 tons of air daily.

IN addition to making the employees physically comfortable, it will be necessary to keep them mentally happy. Noise control, better lighting and lots of bright paint will keep terrestrial man from falling heir to the phobias of his ancestors. Psychologists will be called upon to confer with engineers in working out these details. They already claim to have enough tricks up their sleeves to dupe mankind into enjoying his subterranean, work-a-day life. For example, one of the well-known ruses to combat claustrophobia (fear of enclosed places) is to install penants or streamers in the draft of fans. Their waving in the breeze suggests airiness and eliminates the fear of smothering.

It has already been publicly discussed that the nations involved in future war will have more to worry about than the concussion of the bomb. Albert Einstein, whose formula $E=mc^2$ led to the unleashing of atomic power, recently stated that radioactive gases could be developed

to make the bomb even more destructive. These developments, coupled with bacteriological warfare, led a U. S. congressman to impress his fellow legislators with the following statement:

"They have developed a weapon that can wipe out all forms of life in a large city. It is a germ proposition and is sprayed from airplanes which can fly high enough while spewing the material to be reasonably safe from ground fire. It is quick and certain death."

Like chemical warfare, the unbeautiful part of bacteriological warfare is that it can be developed dirt cheap as compared to the atomic bomb. Other weapons which man might conceive, or which might be in the process of conception, are guaranteed to stagger the imagination of the most advanced Buck Rogers fan. However, even in this dark picture, there is a ray of bright light. Fears before the bomb was first exploded that a chain reaction might be set up which would destroy a good part of the earth have been written off as "highly impossible."

"If a man-made explosion could have accomplished this, it would have already done so," Einstein believes. "It also would have probably come about before by the effect of nature's own nuclear explosions, cosmic rays, which are continually reaching the earth's surface."

Experts have found, or are experimenting with, defense measures for all three of these ultra-modern departments of future warfare—chemical, radioactive gas and bacteriological. All underground factories will be equipped with decontamination units. Since the cosmic ray has about the same penetrating power as atomic radio-



CAVES FOR DEFENSE (cont.)



Water erosion carved this natural bridge out of solid stone. Cleavage planes in background have been automatically sealed



Spelunkers do their share of "creepin and crawlin." Narrow tunnels separate rooms and lead to new fields of exploration

activity, Geiger counters which record ray impulses are being used in caves to determine the amount of overhead cover that will be necessary for protection against a normal bomb blast. One of these counters placed in a Virginia cave registered seven impulses an hour. In deeper caves the scientists figure that the lethal penetrating power of even the atomic bomb could be stopped altogether.

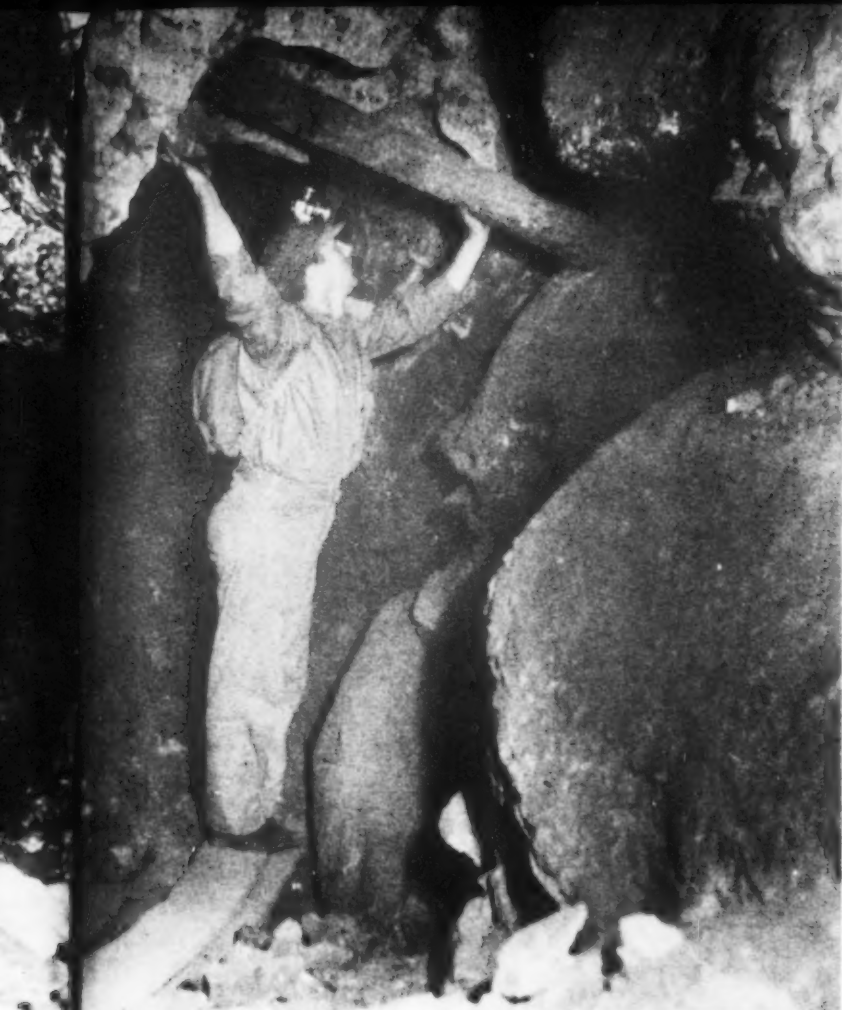
At a certain stage in the country's awakening to the dangers of atomic war, the inevitable question will be asked: What actual protection will caves or man-made underground sites offer as shelters for civilians and industry? As for depth, caves should hold their own against the blast. Although the Nagasaki and Hiroshima explosions covered areas great in diameter, the excavations were shallow in depth. The 50 to 500 feet of solid rock under which most caves are found would seem to offer more than ample margin for safety.

Although not every area of the country will have equal access to cave space, the East, which would be the source of the country's greatest peril in event of an atomic attack, is particularly blessed with it. Caves are scattered on an average of 30 per state from Maine through the New England states (excepting Massachusetts which has 81). Pennsylvania has 140; Virginia 150; West Virginia and Kentucky 110 each; Tennessee 137, and Alabama 101. They thin out to 1, 12, 1, 10, 6 and 88 for North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, respectively; 10, 24, 57 and 100 for Washington, Arizona, Nevada and California in the West.

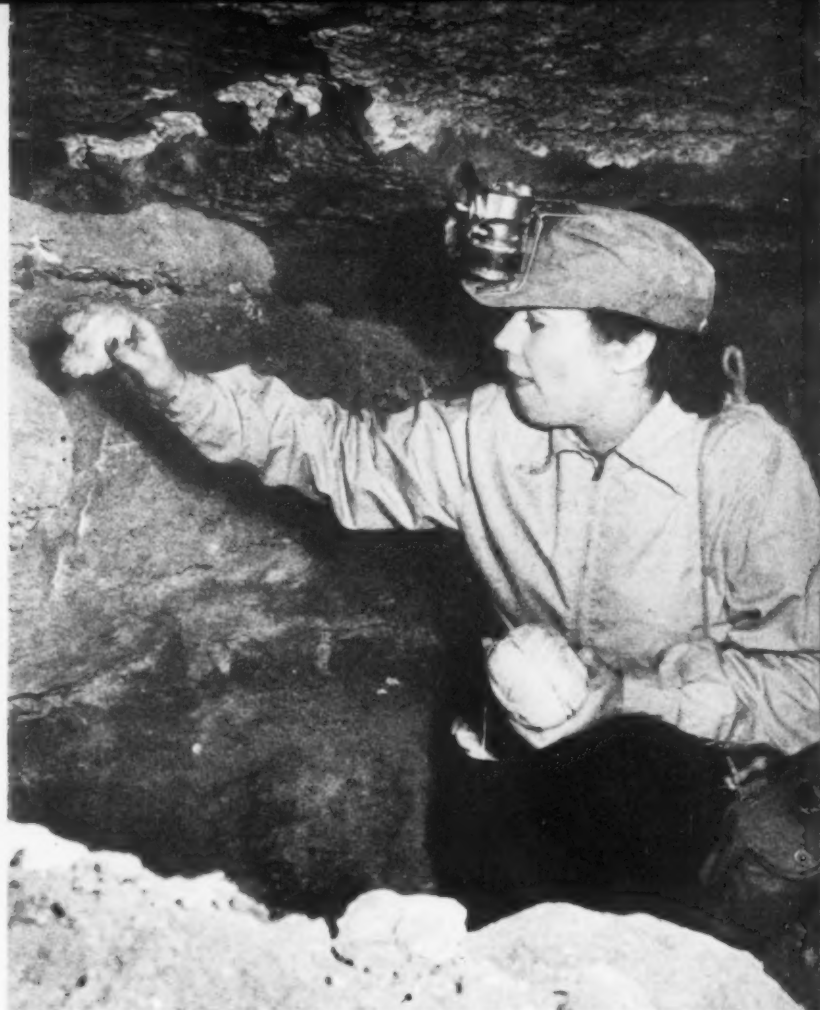
To understand the distribution of caves, one must know something about their formation. They lie in chains, which, if traced back to their origin, would be the identical courses of underground waterways. Back in the days when the "Earth was without form and void; and darkness was on the face of the Deep," water was the first element and the first form of life was the shellfish,



Cave crawling sometimes takes on the aspects of Alpine mountain climbing. Obstacles such as this wall of rock often separate large chambers in the caverns and slow up the speleologists' progress



Further evidence of mining in southern caves includes posts which are still holding up the loose rock over mineral beds



Catherine Myers, amateur cave crawler and collector, inspects mineral specimens which were deposited thousands of years ago

row
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this
ress



The expansiveness of some of the larger rooms to be found in wild caves can be gleaned from the depth shown by this photo



Speleologist Faust is one of the Society's experts on mining in the southern caves. He has discovered many of the old beds

TURN PAGE 7

CAVES FOR DEFENSE (cont.)

ancestor of the oyster and clam. These forms absorbed lime out of the sea water to grow their shells. After millions of years of birth and death, the ocean floor became a deep deposit of lime. The lime was redissolved into a pasty mortar, which, after the ocean floor sank in some places and rose into mountains in others, was exposed and permitted to dry forming the mineral limestone. Then after millions of more years of erosion, pressure flow, eruption and other phenomena known to geologists and too complex to relate here, there appeared catacombs in the earth which today are called caverns or caves.

Caves fall into various categories, classified according to the formations in which they are found, and these have varying degrees of usefulness. The lava cave, found in lava-filled valleys where the surface has hardened and the molten interior has drained off, haven't been used for much of anything as far as we know. The fault or fissure caves are found where layers of rock have split and separated leaving narrow, high, passages. They too are useless. Sea caves are found along the coasts, the most famous of which is the Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri. Conceivably, they could be used as underground dockage, in the manner of the German submarine pens, providing enough improvements were made.

Limestone caves probably are the most common in the United States and they are the most useful of all. They have been carved out of the solid stone by carbonated water in which the limestone is soluble. The fantastic forms which are found in these caverns represent the harder parts of the stone which remained after softer portions went into solution. Limestone caves are safer and larger than the other types and come closer than any other natural subterranean fortress to meeting military requirements. In addition, they have the quality of sealing their own cracks and crevasses with flowstone, that limestone which is again taken into solution and redeposited in its hardened state wherever there is an opening. The common cave formations, stalactites and stalagmites, are the result of this underground chemical process.

OTHER underground workings which would fill the bill might include silver, lead and copper mines, none of which would require much enlargement. Salt mines are dry and can be easily enlarged but they are highly susceptible to the forces of erosion. Ore mines, even those of the strip nature, could be converted without too much trouble. The open pits could be made into German-style bunkers and covered with thick concrete domes. The average coal mine would be of little use because the coal seams are too thin. It has been suggested that an A-Bomb war would most probably be carried out at long range with guided missiles such as the German series of rockets carrying the warhead. If such were the practice, sites such as those just described could serve as launching places as well as storage centers for stockpiles. It is interesting here to note what might happen if they were not used.

Many advocates of underground defense believe it would be sheer national suicide to leave civilians above ground. With 45 million people crowded into 200 of our largest cities and the bomb's potential ability to wipe out 200,000 souls at a clip, such a possibility cannot be ignored. Industry left above ground could hardly be preserved beyond the first day of hostilities.

Therefore, it will be necessary to preserve the initial stock of weapons, civilians, and industry alike, in order to keep the retaliatory capacity of the country from being crippled. It will also be necessary to preserve certain vital nerve centers of defense—the technicians and scientists who will assemble and direct discharge of the weapons and the country's seat of government from where the war will be administered.

However, the swift progress of experiments with fissionable material 1000 times as powerful as Uranium 235 makes it impossible to publicly determine the present destructiveness of the A-Bomb. Already the pessimists are asking:

"Why go underground? Just because all the bombs exploded to date have burst above or near the surface is no reason to believe that a bomb couldn't be made to penetrate a hundred or more feet of rock before it went off."

"Then where would you be?"

We couldn't even hazard a guess.



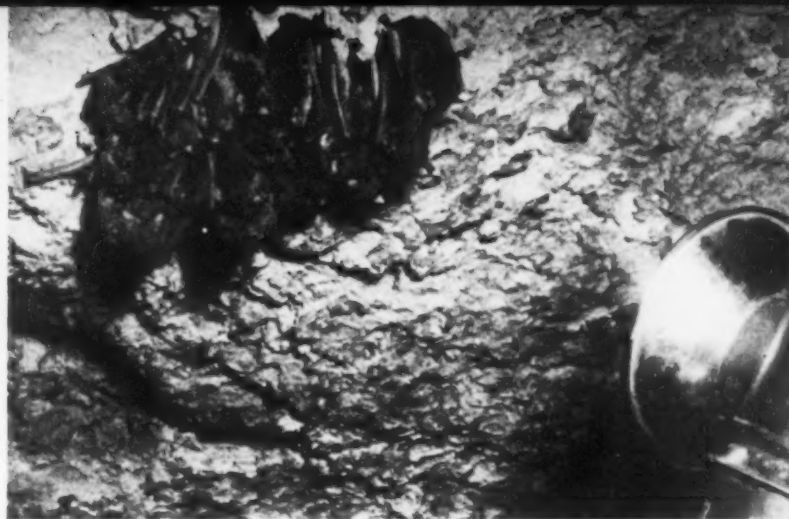
Endless Caverns, Virginia, boasts some of the most beautiful cave formations in the world. The picture shows the famous Cathedral which has been lighted in multicolors with "piped in" music



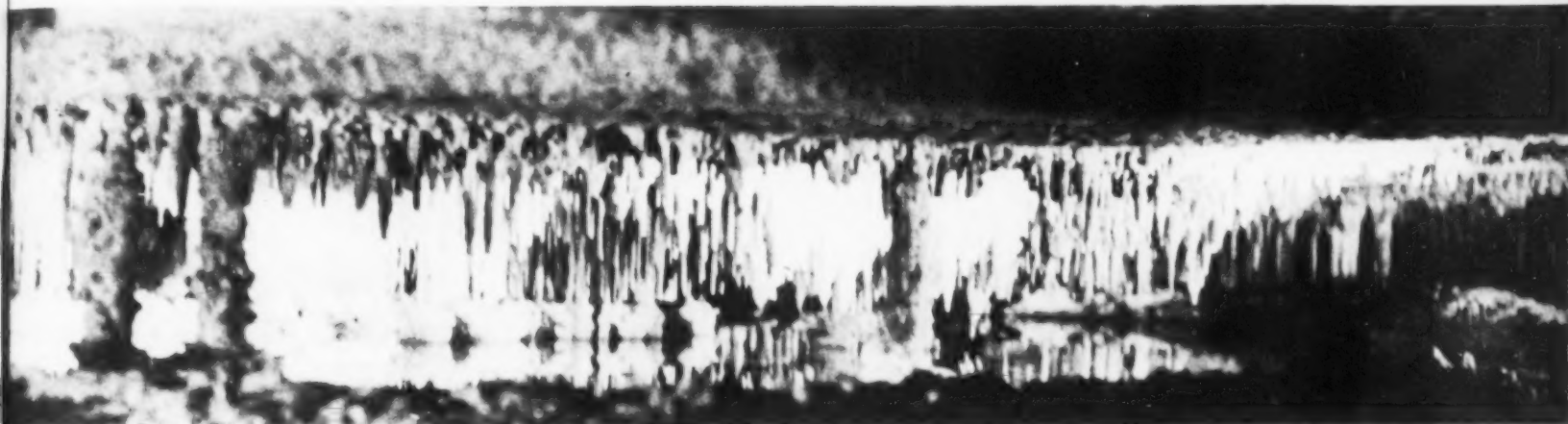
Commercial caverns have been improved to permit spectators to go below ground in absolute safety. The thin flowstone formations hanging from the limestone ceiling look like slices of bacon rind



Fascinated tourists may some day be casual dwellers in scenes such as these



Present cave residents include bats living in colonies and cave crickets. Neither will want to remain if man moves in

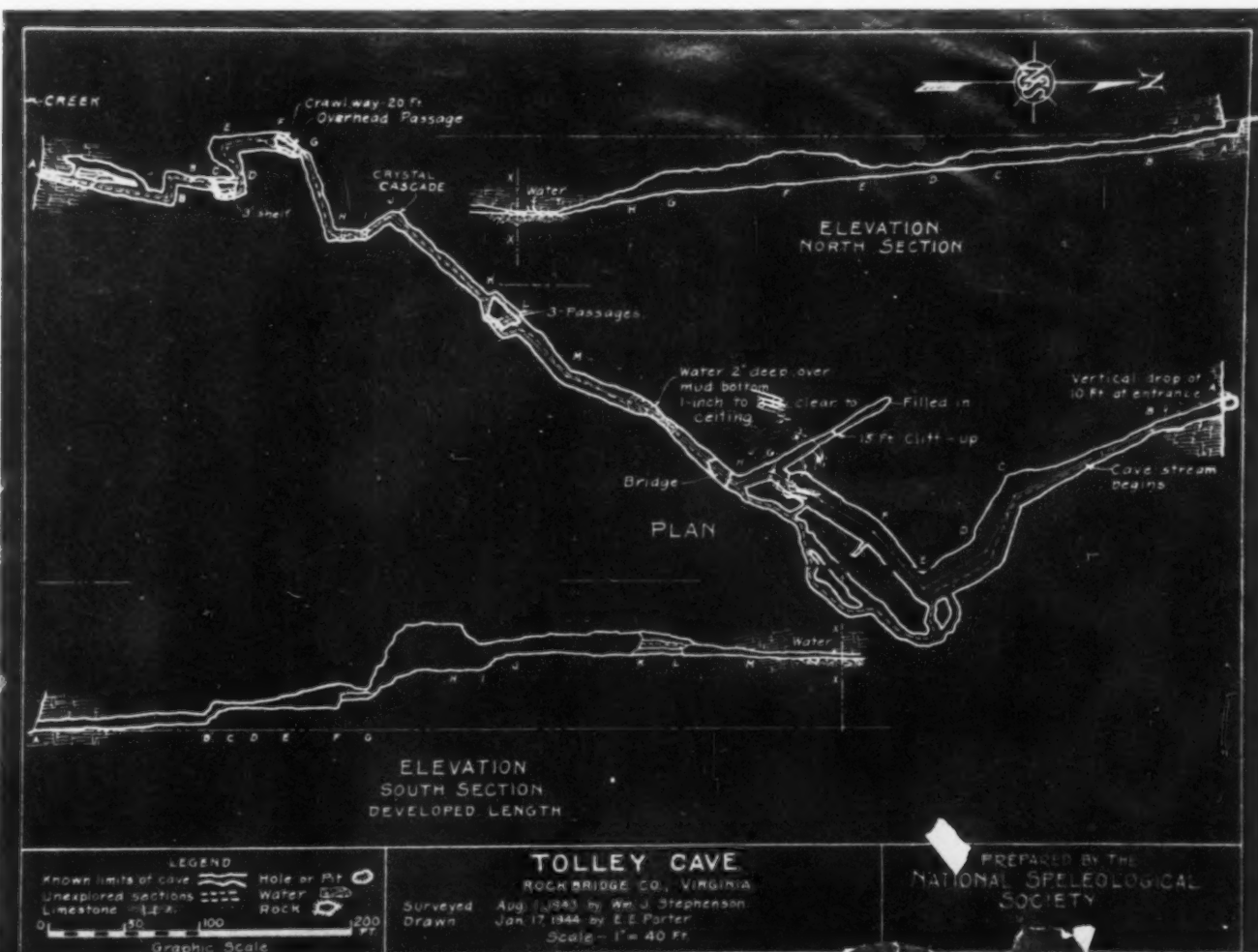


Under multicolored lights, scenes such as these become a fantastic fairyland. Stalactites hanging from the roof reflect their inverted

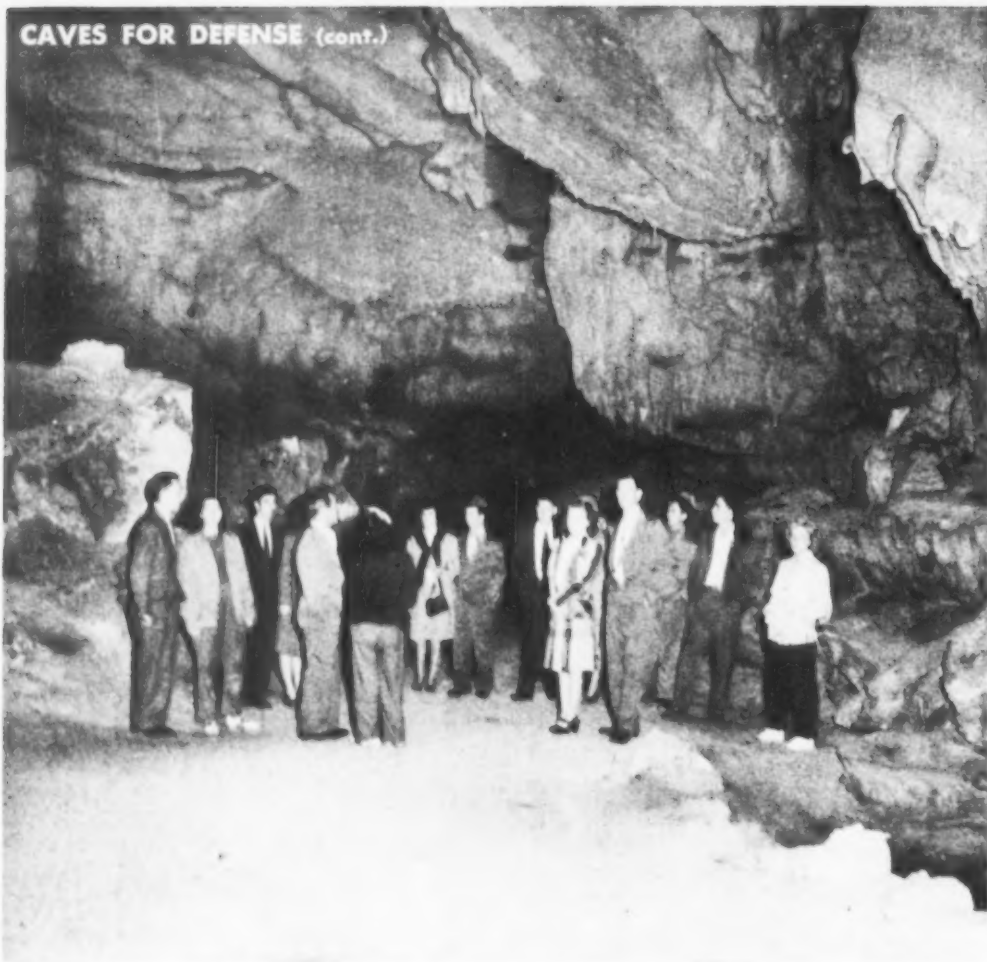
shapes in the crystal lake below. As lighting effects are changed, the formations resemble a skyscraper skyline on a cold winter night

Unlike maps of surface terrain features, cave drawings show the void. The speleologists have their own conventional signs and methods for

sketching. As new passages are explored, the added information is made available to the Mapping Service and old maps are brought up-to-date



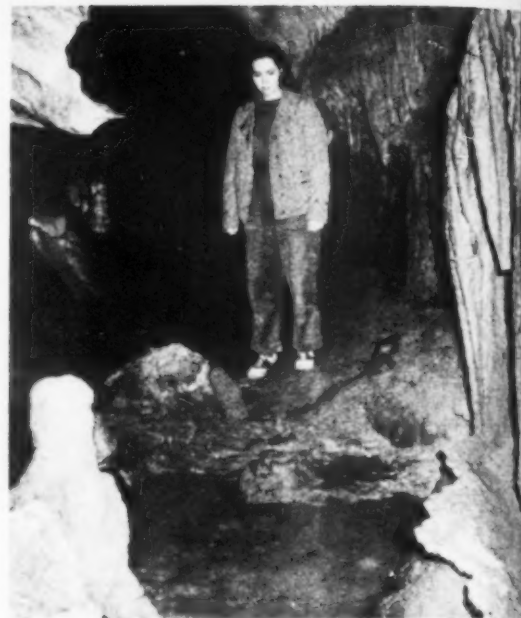
CAVES FOR DEFENSE (cont.)



Two hundred feet underground in the endless caverns of Luray, Virginia \$1.80 tourists feel daring. However, this "tame" cave has electric lights, smoothed floors, no dripping water



The commercial value of caves today as places of recreation and sightseeing lies in their beauty which does not especially suit them to defense uses. These formations would have to be cut out



Always creative, nature practices her artistry in unusual, grotesque designs



This one might have been dreamt up by a designer of boot camp obstacle courses



People willingly visit the underground but few express a desire to live there

BULLETIN BOARD

Termination Of Maternity-Infant Care

LIQUIDATION of the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program for dependents of enlisted men began in July, 1947, as ordered by Congress. The process is being carried out gradually and the benefits of this program will still be available until the Spring of 1949, if certain qualifications are met.

For a service wife to receive this aid, her husband must be, or have been, in one of the lower four pay

grades, or an aviation cadet, on or before June 30, 1947, and her period of pregnancy must have begun before that date. Under these rules, wives of servicemen who enlisted after June 30, 1948, are not eligible.

All babies born to mothers eligible under this program are entitled to complete medical care throughout the first year of their lives regardless of whether the mother received hospitalization under the EMIC.

The Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program was a wartime program instituted in the Spring of 1943 for the wives of enlisted men in the lower four pay grades, and aviation cadets, who were living in the United States or territories. This program provided pregnancy care and hospitalization for the wives and medical care for the infants, without cost, through the state health departments.

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

THE First Marine Division (Reinforced) has been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for the assault and seizure of Peleliu and Ngesebus of the Palau group from September 15 to 29, 1944.

This award cancels the previous award of the PUC to the First and Fifth Marine Regiments (Reinforced). Units now privileged to wear the citation ribbon are: First Marine Division; First Amphibian Tractor Battalion;

U. S. Navy Flame Thrower Unit attached; Sixth Amphibian Tractor Battalion (Provisional); Third Armored Amphibian Tractor Battalion; Detachment of the Eighth Amphibian Tractor Battalion; Fifth and Sixth Separate Wire Platoons; and Fourth Joint Assault Signal Company. These FMF units were also joined by the 454th Amphibian Truck Company, and the 456th Amphibian Truck Company U. S. Army, in receiving the citation.

LAST DISCHARGE ORDER ISSUED

BRINGING to a close the program of forced attrition, the first Almar of 1948 directed (if requested) the discharge for the convenience of the government of all men whose date of enlistment expiration would fall between July 1, and July 31, 1948, inclusive.

Discharge of enlisted men under this program has achieved the desired result of decreasing the number of two year enlistment men in the Corps by forcing them to either take a discharge or signify their intention of re-enlisting. This was necessary to bring Corps personnel averages for the fiscal year 1947-48 in line with the budget, and to allow for the recruiting of more long-term men.

With the near balancing of personnel distribution as to pay grades and term of enlistment, the Corps is better able to make long range plans based on stable personnel figures.

EXTENSIONS BINDING

ANY man who extended his enlistment in order to attend a service school and is later dropped from the course for misconduct or lack of application, will be required to serve out the full term of the extension. All extensions in the future will include this statement: "It has been clearly explained to me that this agreement for extension of enlistment to attend school will not be cancelled in the event I am dropped from the course due to my lack of application or for any misconduct on my part."

WEST COAST RECRUIT DEPOT

FOR many years known as the Marine Corps Base, the San Diego, California, post has been redesignated and reorganized as Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego. This follows the pattern set not long ago for Parris Island, with the major units now designated as Headquarters and Service Battalion; First Recruit Training Battalion; and Weapons Training Battalion, located at the Marine Rifle Range, Camp Matthews.

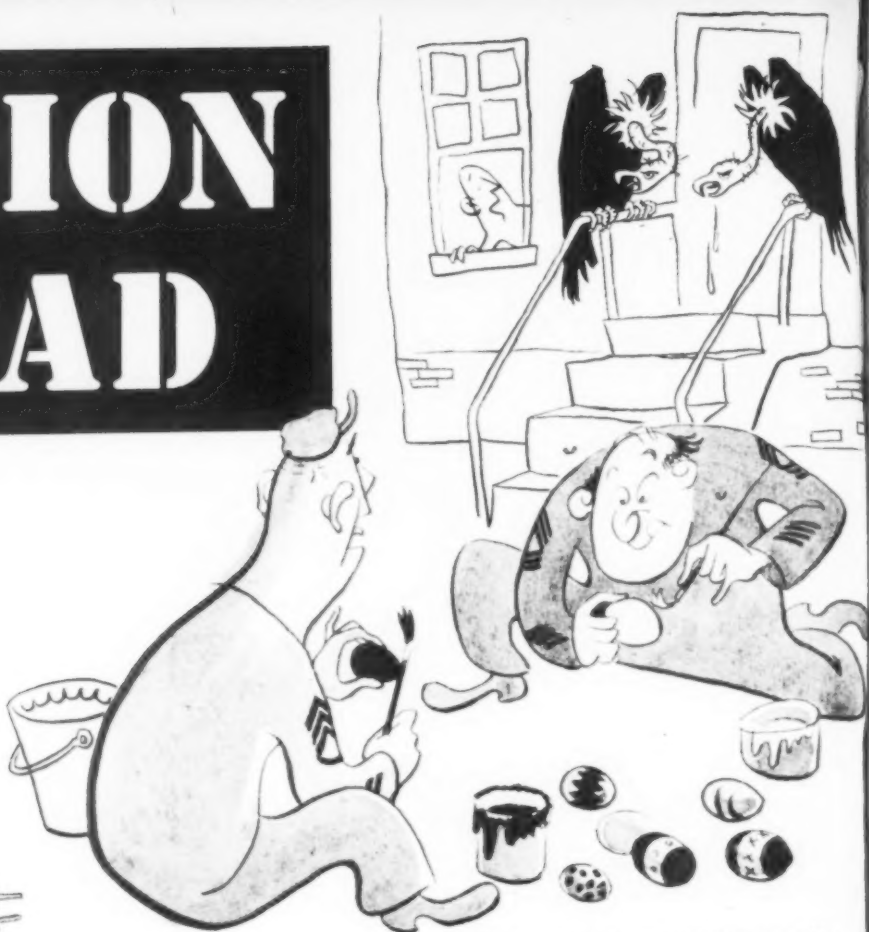
OPERATION EGGHEAD



"Of course it's pretty but I don't think the colonel will approve"



"Dammit Hurlbut, don't you know the regulation hair length?"



"You're sure you got chicken eggs?"





"Halt!"



"And furthermore I don't believe you have the correct Easter spirit!"



"I hate holidays—everyone going on liberty at once!"



"You couldn't be satisfied with ordinary eggs!"

GEO. BOOTH

RESERVE RALLY



by Corp. Paul W. Hicks, Jr.
Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA'S Convention Hall was packed with Marines. Some were in uniform, others wore mufti. Regulars and Reserves alike had come with their relatives and friends to celebrate Marine Corp Day and to highlight the nationwide inauguration of Marine Reserve Week.

On hand to assist the gathering of the clan—17,000 strong—was one of the largest collections of high echelon brass and braid, government big-wigs, movie stars and musicians ever assembled in the Quaker City. They had converged on the birthplace of the Corps to honor past and present Marines and to encourage enlistment of more Marines for the uncertain future.

Since the national recruiting campaign got underway last November, the Fourth Reserve District Headquarters in Philadelphia had been a bedlam of activity. Realizing that the chief source of Marines are the high schools scattered throughout America, the recruiters aimed their appeal at them—by radio, poster, sound truck and canned speeches.

"High School Highlights," a thrice-weekly radio show put on by students of Philly and the surrounding communities, rang up plug after plug for the Corps. Stressed were educational benefits offered by the Reserves, not to mention the more basic rewards of a military life—character building, leadership and physical fitness.

Aimed at what the Reserve calls its "prospective thirty-tuos" was a more mature, more serious program called "Reserved For You." While the youth program went on in the afternoon right after school, the more conservative show for adults went on in the evening. Featured was good music, interspersed with recruiting blurbs. It still remains a regular short feature over Philadelphia's WFIL, the local Mutual network station.

Aside from these special activities, the regular recruiting channels were stepped up. Small booths dotted farflung cities and towns, displays sprouted in store windows, private and official cars paraded placards, the newspapers cooperated by contributing some of their space and between the halves of football games, the Reserve managed to get a mention.

By the end of December, there was no Reserve outfit in the Keystone state doing better than the

Marines. The Army was laboring to meet its specified quotas, and the Navy had been able to drum up only average interest among prospective enlistees. But still Fourth District Headquarters was not satisfied. To touch off Marine Reserve Week called for nothing short of the spectacular.

The Reserve turned to the friendly city's "Community Committee," a live wire organizational unit which they had formed not only at home but in every city of medium size in America. The committees are composed of former Marine officers who have left the service for good jobs at home. As members of the Reserve Officers Association, they volunteer their time and talents to bring prospective Reserves into the fold.

The Philadelphia Community Committee, when asked to produce the spectacular, came up with the mass rally idea. They were not talking in terms of a mild get-together organized for the purpose of swapping yarns. They wanted a rally to top all rallies, a conclave such as Philadelphia had never seen.

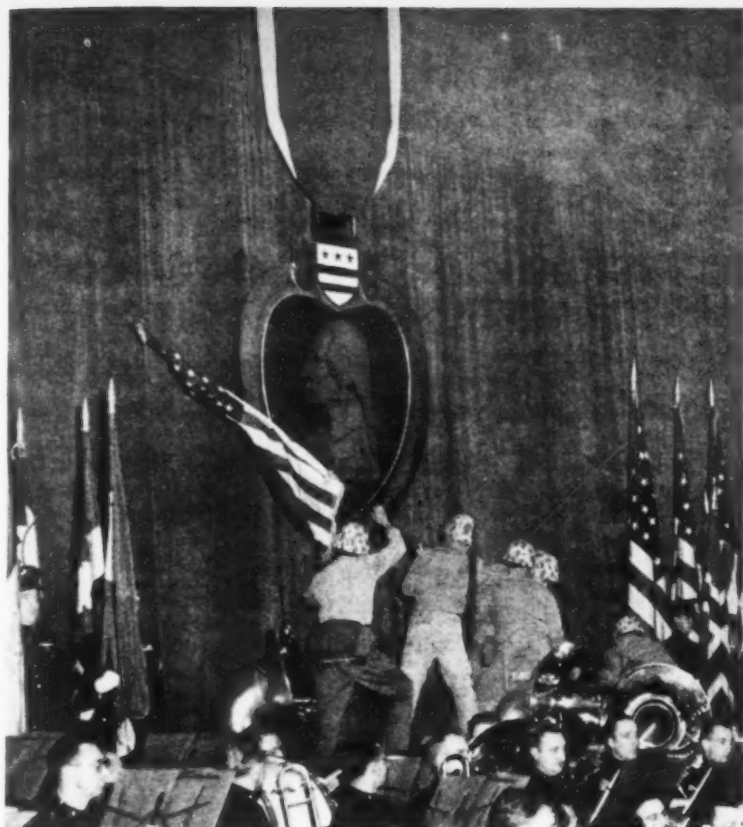
PHOTOS BY SGT. JACK SLOCKBOWER

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



The mammoth interior of Philadelphia's Convention Hall was jammed to capacity with former Marines and their guests. Many of them had

come from outlying communities in the Fourth Reserve District. Marine Corps League detachments also sent representatives from nearby states



On the stage, above the Marine Corps Bandmen, a Purple Heart tableau was formed by members of the Philadelphia Navy Yard Marine detachment



This booth, set up in the center of Philadelphia City Hall courtyard, is one of many similar ideas devised by the Fourth Reserve District

Military and civilians alike gathered to honor all Marines



At a reception at the Union League before the rally, the Commandant, General Cates, chats with movie star Robert Alda, Admiral Halsey, Bob

Crosby, General Keller Rockey, Bill Lundigan, and Bob Mitchum. The Hollywood actors flew East to appear on the Convention Hall program.



At the Union League reception are Brigadier General L. E. Rea, Major General L. C. Shepherd Jr., and Leo Hermle, Lieutenant General K. E.

Rocky, Admiral Halsey, the Commandant, Major General Field Harris, and Brigadier General W. E. Riley. All attended the Philadelphia rally



Captain Carleton Ruh, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, in the chow line with Major General L. C. Shepherd at the League reception



During the recent recruiting drive this display was in the window of Lit Brother's department store on Market Street, Philadelphia



Captain George Blackburn stands by as students vote for records they prefer when their high school is featured on the Reserve show



First Lieutenant William McDevitt, of the Fourth District, shown with students of Saint Josephs Prep on the Reserve radio show

Philadelphia's celebration led the nation into Reserve Week

The committee divided itself into groups and went to work. One group arranged for the appearance of distinguished guests from the military. Another, with contacts in Hollywood, interested former Marine stars in a flying trip to Philly on rally day. Convention Hall was reserved and Walter H. Annenberg, publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, buzzed his readers with daily additions to the distinguished guest list.

From Pennsylvania political circles came Governor James F. Duff of Pennsylvania; Philadelphia's Mayor Bernard Samuels; State Senator Francis J. Myers and Representative (former Marine captain) George W. Sarbacher, Jr. As the big day drew nigh, the *Inquirer's* guest list began to look like Volume 27, of *Who's Who*.

The Corp's four-star Commandant, General Clifton B. Cates, led the military roster which included such big names as Lieutenant General Keller E. Rockey; Major Generals Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Field Harris, L. D. Hermle and W. T. Waller; Brigadier Generals W. E. Riley and L. E. Rea. Retired Fleet Admiral William "Bull" Halsey headed the list of naval personalities. Honored guests were Congressional Medal of Honor winners Carleton Ruh and Luther Skaggs, and Philadelphia's number one Marine, Al Schmid.

Completing the guest list were the Hollywood celebrities: Robert Mitchum, Robert Alda, Ralph Bellamy, and former Marines, Bob Crosby and Bill Lundigan.

Sixty-five thousand free-ticket applications flooded the North Broad Street Reserve Headquarters while only 35,000 were sent out, distributed through the pages of the *Inquirer*. The Reserve announced that "first come would be first served."

AT noon on Rally Day, a reception was held for the guests of honor at one of the city's oldest and most elegant clubs, the Union League. Among those present were the Medal of Honor winners, the Commandant, the politicians, and Adm. Halsey. The reception was followed by a buffet luncheon, after which the entire official party left for the rally by motor cavalcade.

By the time the curtain rose on the Reserves' impressive pageant, Convention Hall had been jammed to capacity for half an hour. As the leading national figures stepped from the wings onto the stage, a tremendous roar filled the building. The program moved swiftly under the eyes and ears of television and movie newsreel cameras. The speeches, by Governor Duff, Adm. Halsey, Lieutenant Colonel Brewster Rhoads, USMCR, the Community Committee chairman, and Gen. Cates, who made his first major public appearance as the new Commandant, were brief and effective. They urged listeners over a nationwide radio hookup to enlist in, and actively support, the citizen Marine Corps. They spoke of the uncertainty of the international picture, of the terrible unrest abroad and the responsibility of this country in the struggle for world peace.

The Marine Corps Band, under the baton of Major William F. Santelmann, and the Orpheus Club Male Chorus, under the direction of John R. Ott, entertained with excellent music. The Hollywood contingent alternated at the master of ceremonies spot, injecting stray bits of humor into their scripts by relating a few of their own amusing service experiences.

The final event of the afternoon was a stirring tribute to all wearers of the Purple Heart, 500 of whom sat in honored places just below the stage. Ralph Bellamy, stage and screen performer, read the tribute. The entire assembly rose to its feet in silence at his closing words:

"You have worn the uniform and insignia of the Marines with manly bearing. Today that uniform and insignia are worn more proudly by every man who puts them on . . . BECAUSE OF YOU."

His message ended the day's ceremonies and launched Marine Reserve Week. As a result of its tireless efforts, the Fourth District expected continued success in its recruiting drive. It was hoped that the entire nation would do as well.

END



French Fourragère

This decoration was once worn by soldiers as a symbol of dishonor

IN the 16th Century a regiment of Flemish troops dishonored their commander, the Duke of Alba, by a disorderly flight from the field of battle. The Duke immediately issued an alarming proclamation:

"Any further misconduct of these troops shall be punishable by hanging, regardless of rank or grade."

In a determined effort to reestablish themselves in the eyes of their commander and to regain their former prestige they wore around their necks a hangman's noose and spike as a reminder of the fate which awaited them if their next encounter did not prove victorious. In their following engagement with the enemy the regiment fought so valiantly that the noose and spike became a part of their uniform as a decoration of honor.

During the latter part of 1918 another valiant band of fighting men, the United States Marines, attracted the attention of the entire world and won the right to wear the French Fourragère.

The German Army had broken through the Allied lines in a powerful drive west of Rheims, overwhelmed the French army and had begun the march on Paris. The Marine Brigade, Army Second Division, worn and tired from combat in the Toulon sector, were rushed to the fast fading front. They stopped the German Army and defeated it in a series of battles from Belleau Wood, through Soissons, Saint Mihiel, and Villers-Cotterets Forest. On October 3, 1918 the Marines attacked and captured Mont Blanc, opening the way for the final drive into the Argonne.

In another attack on November 1, the Marines forced the enemy across the Meuse River and swarmed after them to fight the last battle of World War I.

Again the Marines had proved their valor and had written another dramatic page in the history of warfare. For their part in these heroic operations the Fifth and Sixth Marines were awarded the Fourragère after winning the Croix de Guerre with two palms and the gold star.

Today, the red and green braided cord and golden spike of the French Fourragère, instituted by Napoleon I and revived by the French Minister of War during World War I, is worn by Marines of the Fifth and Sixth Regiments as a symbol of undisputed courage and undying fidelity.

END



the Small take

MOONLIGHT fell on the damp, ground floor in a crazy pattern of broken trapezoids and reflected a dull, steel-blue glow on the beaten interior of the small room. Only a sturdy, wooden door, rough plaster walls and a barred window gave purpose to its architectural indifference.

The opening with its ugly, iron bars, hung high in the wall, but Drake was a tall man, and if he hadn't been staring vaguely as he stood by the window, he could have seen the clearing and the edge of the jungle beyond. His face was a gaunt, expressionless mask, his mind a deep stream that ran silently on to a sea of moods.

Behind him, at a splintered table, another man contemplated the still figure and the sharp profile framed in the jagged, blue square. In direct contrast to Drake, Foster was a little man with a slight, stooped frame. The light seemed to find his pale face, accentuating the high cheekbones.

"Drake . . ." Foster's voice was light, but in the stillness it brought a husky shock—even to Foster.

"Yes?" Drake's was a hard, brittle, quiet interrogation.

"Why can't you be sociable?"

"Any reason why I should be?"

"Might keep us from going insane."

"What's the matter, Foster, cracking up?" There was slow, deliberate sarcasm in Drake's tone.



"No, no." Foster fidgeted and his movements caused the table to creak.
"I just thought . . ."

"Well, stop. Thinking's hard on a guy like you."

"What do you mean?"

Drake hesitated for a moment before he answered, "You don't know what to do with thoughts. They'll beat you up, Foster, if you're not careful."

Foster knew what Drake was driving at and he didn't want to talk about himself. Their conversations had always ended the same way. But Foster had to talk. Damn it, you couldn't just sit and stare at each other all of the time.

"You live in a shell, don't you?" he asked.

"Call it that, if you like," Drake answered indifferently.

"When did it harden?"

"I was born this way, like a crayfish," Drake turned from the window and smiled at Foster, but it was a hard, cynical, mirthless smile. A sudden thought crossed Foster's mind, there was something about the smile, it was as if . . .

"You look like a killer," Foster didn't know why he had made such a statement. It wasn't an accusation. It was, rather, the result of an abrupt discovery.

Drake's smile disappeared and a sneer replaced it. "Isn't that a stupid remark to be making in the middle of a war?"

Drake wasn't squeamish

about mass murder — but

his visitor left a token

which changed his mind

by Karl A. Schuon

THE SMALL TAKE (cont.)

It had begun. The conversations had always turned in this direction. Drake would take full advantage of Foster's kind, philosophical viewpoint and taunt him with sharp contempt.

"I didn't mean a military killer . . . I . . ."

Foster was fumbling for words. "I just meant . . ."

"I know what you meant," Drake's voice was louder than usual. "You meant that I looked as though I'd kill a man in cold blood without a war for an excuse, didn't you?"

"No . . ." Foster was bewildered. Somehow he had struck a responsive chord. Drake had always been quietly indifferent; now he seemed on the verge of a rage.

"You were right, Foster. I have killed men in cold blood," Drake's voice had that familiar purr again. Foster felt better; then he realized what Drake was saying.

"There wasn't any war at the time," Drake continued. "I did it for money. Well? Can you think of a better way to make a living?"

"You're joking," Foster was watching Drake closely.

"Why should I joke?" Drake sneered. "To amuse you? I'm not a fool, Foster."

"But, I don't understand . . ."

Foster's voice stopped abruptly at the sound of footsteps outside the door.

"Drake . . ." Foster's exclamation was a hoarse whisper.

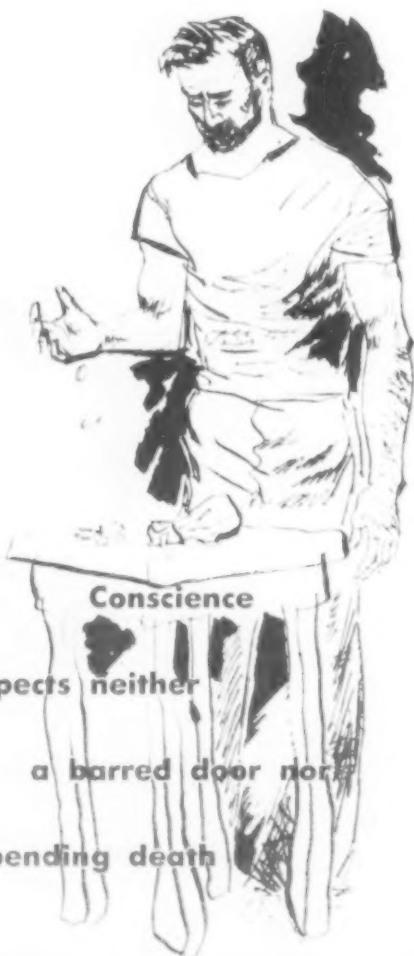
The bolt clicked in the door and there was silence—then the door opened slightly. Moonlight seeped through the space and traced a diagonal line on the floor.

"Drake, I can't stand anymore of this," Foster was on his feet, his voice a high pitched wail.

"Shut up," snapped Drake.

There was no sound for a moment while the two men stood watching the doorway—then the door closed silently and a few footsteps grew lighter and faded away.

Foster sank into a relieved, sobbing heap at the table, his head buried in his arms. Drake turned again to the window and for long moments there were no sounds but the low sobs from the dark corner. Then Drake spoke, his voice smooth, brittle:



Conscience
respects neither
a barred door nor
impending death

"Maddening, isn't it? . . . They're trying to beat down our nerves, Foster . . . You're not holding up very well, old man, are you?"

Foster raised his head. "Don't, Drake, please . . ." he pleaded.

Drake turned from the window and faced his companion, "You're a coward, Foster," he said.

"Damn you," Foster was on his feet. "Damn you, damn you . . ." His fists pounded the table top.

"You're breaking up into little pieces," Drake taunted. "You haven't got any guts."

With a shriek Foster threw himself on the taller man, his hands clawing for Drake's throat. There was a slight scuffle before Drake threw him to the ground. Foster looked up at the insolent sneer like a beaten dog.

"Now get this," Drake's words cracked like a whip over Foster's head. "From now on you're on your own, it's every man for himself, understand?"

FOSTER pulled himself to his feet and walked slowly to the table.

"You've asked for this," continued Drake. "You've wheedled and whined ever since we crashed out there in the jungle, you've prodded and pried until I'm fed up. But you needn't worry any longer because I'm going to tell you how I feel about this deal."

Foster wondered what was coming. He was weary, but he tried to listen.

"These Japs have a peculiar way of going about things. They've been stamping up to the door, rattling it and then going away without coming in. We've got information they want and this is their subtle way of going about the process of wearing us down to a point where we'll be in a mental state to give it to them."

"What are you driving at?" Foster was afraid he knew.

"Sooner or later they'll make us a proposition. I don't give a damn what you do, but I'm accepting."

"You mean you'll sell out?"

"Why not?" Drake spoke slowly, deliberately. "It's a rotten world, Foster, but I'd rather rot on it than in it."

All of the weariness seemed to have left Foster. He lunged toward Drake.

"Why, you filthy . . ." But the door opened and a Jap officer entered with two men. Foster turned defiantly.

"That one," the officer indicated Foster. The two men started to cross the room.

"Just a moment," Drake eyed the officer squarely. "Where are you taking him?"

The Jap moved over to Drake and for a brief second he contemplated the taller man. Then he said in a silky voice:

"We are in need of some information, perhaps your comrade can be made to talk."

"Why not take me? You may find me the more willing spokesman . . ."

"I do not think so," said the Jap. "We will take the weaker of the two. If there is anything left to tell when we have finished with him, then, perhaps, you can save your own life."

The officer turned and the two men, with Foster between them, followed him. There was a strange silence after the door had closed and the bolt had clicked into place. Drake returned slowly to the window and resumed his indifferent gaze until he was startled by a pleasant voice.

"Good evening."

Drake turned. Near the door stood a man. His face seemed to be neither young nor old, it would have been difficult to judge his age. He was wearing a dark suit and in the misty half-light of the room it accentuated his pale face and hands. He smiled at Drake's surprise.

"I thought you might like company while you're waiting," he said.

"Waiting?"

"Yes, they'll be back for you, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Drake. "Sit down. I'm sorry I can't offer you more hospitality, but you know how it is . . ."

"Certainly, thank you," said the stranger.

There was a moment of silence, then Drake asked:

"What are you, a missionary?"

"You might call me that if you like, but what I am really doesn't matter. I just try to get around where I think I can do the most good."

"I see. How'd you get in, isn't the door guarded?"

"Yes, but the Oriental concentrates heavily. Just now the guards are concentrating on what comes out . . . not on what goes in."

"You must be on excellent terms with them."

"Usually they pay no attention to me. As far as they're concerned I don't exist."

"You know . . . there are two of us," Drake said after a moment's hesitation.

"I know, I just saw Foster," said the visitor.

"Well, if you're a chaplain, or a missionary or something like that, don't you think he might be needing you?"

"No, I don't think so," the stranger was casual and reassuring. "In fact, he sent me on to you."

"A good Joe, Foster, but a coward."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. He's bearing up very well."

"You have rather an odd accent," said Drake. "It doesn't sound like anything I've ever heard before. Where are you from?"

"I have no country. At least none that I can go back to."

"A refugee?"

"Rather a fugitive, I'd say."

"A fugitive?"

"Yes, the law."

"Oh . . . you got away?"

"From the world, yes. But there can be no complete escape."

"You mean, you can't ever go back?"

"No."

"But in time . . . and with the take . . ."

"The take was very small, I can assure you."

"Too bad," Drake's sympathy seemed genuine.

"You see, as far as the world knows, I'm dead."

"A faked suicide?"

"Suicide is always a fake," said the stranger.

"Because what I did has lived on after me . . . as it always does." The moonlight picked up a meditative look in the visitor's eyes as he spoke.

"I've often wondered if it might have been a different world if I hadn't committed it . . ."

"Murder?"

"Worse than murder," the stranger hesitated a moment. "It was information leading to murder."

Several rifles cracked nearby, as if to punctuate the stranger's statement. Drake moved quickly to the window.

The visitor spoke slowly:

"He didn't give information leading to murder."

"Poor Foster," said Drake quietly. "He was a fool."

"Perhaps," said the visitor as he arose from the table. "I'll leave you now."

Drake remained at the window, his back to his departing guest. The stranger reached into his coat pocket and drew out an object which he placed on the table.

"I'm leaving you a little souvenir of my visit," he said.

"If it's a prayer book, I won't need it," said Drake.

"It isn't a prayer book. Goodbye Drake, perhaps we'll meet again."

"Perhaps," said Drake without turning.

And the visitor was gone.

For a long interval the tall man stood waiting.

He turned when he heard the door open.

"Your friend was reticent," said the Jap officer.

"So I heard," said Drake. "I told you he was the wrong man."

"I remember."

"You could have saved yourself some trouble."

"I have made a mistake," admitted the officer.

"It is now your turn to tell us what you know. Come."

The two Jap soldiers were beside Drake and together they moved toward the door.

"I had forgotten," Drake stopped abruptly at the table. "I had a visitor—he left a souvenir . . ."

Drake stooped over and picked up a small leather bag with tattered edges and a drawstring. He opened it, and as he dumped its contents, the peculiar little coins jingled into his palm and glittered in the moonlight.

"Silver . . .?" Automatically he began to count,

"One, two, three, four . . ." He didn't count higher. He stood, staring down at the mementos—then he said, almost to himself, "Thirty pieces of . . ."

He turned to the Jap officer, speaking slowly:

"Call your riflemen . . . I've changed my mind . . ."

END

Chaplain's CORPS

**Here is the story of the men who
faced front line fire to help the
Marines who fought in World War II**

FROM the days of the Greeks who used to consult their great oracle Delphi, right up to the time of that fiery wartime song, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," man has been reluctant to go to war without his God.

In Biblical times, the good will of Jehovah turned many a close battle in favor of the out-numbered host. The Romans looked to their war god Mars for victory in action and the American Indians called upon their Great Spirit.

But regardless of the civilization, Christian or heathen, religion or its counterpart, superstition, has been a morale-building force among warriors called upon to gamble their lives on the field of battle.

It is not strange, then, that the biggest and most destructive war that mankind has ever fought—World War II—was the best padre-chaperoned safari in all world history.

**PHOTOS BY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE
U. S. MARINE CORPS
U. S. NAVY AND
U. S. COAST GUARD**

**by Vernon Langille
and Sgt. Stanley T. Linn**



CHAPLAINS' CORPS (cont.)

By the time that Okinawa rolled around on the Marine Corps' invasion schedule, the Navy had 2800 chaplains administering spiritual grace to the men of the three big denominations, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish.

It was a far cry from the situation which existed in the services when America was young and the Marine Corps was in knee-length trousers.

In the closing years of the 18th Century, the role of chaplain, such as it was, could be filled by any man with a smattering of education regardless of whether he was of the cloth. The lightened tasks and extra pay that went with the job attracted countless candidates to the skipper's quarters in hopes of an appointment.

Needless to say, many of these early sea padres brought the chaplaincy into disrepute. They were not above taking that extra shot of grog and the record proves they pitched as wild a liberty as the next guy.

The first honest-to-goodness ordained chaplains appeared in the American Navy about 175 years ago, just prior to that epithet-throwing contest between the young colonies and Mother England. The colonial fleet was in the process of frenzied expansion and there was great need among the men for spiritual counseling. War was inevitable and the idea of religion in the ranks was a comforting thought.

At that early date, Protestantism was the only faith represented. Not that the Catholics couldn't or wouldn't fight. The Irish had not yet begun their invasion of Boston and immigration to the

wilds of America confined itself to the English who had broken with the Papacy 275 years before.

It was not until the Civil War that sufficient Catholic personnel were represented in the services to warrant padres. Father Charles H. Parks became the first chaplain of that faith to be commissioned by the Navy and before the turn of the 18th Century, he was followed by three more commissioned Catholic fathers.

The Hebrew faith was not represented in the U. S. armed services until World War I with the commissioning of Rabbi David Goldberg in 1917.

The half century between 1800 and 1850 was a period of rocks and shoals for the chaplaincy. Growing criticism was climaxed in the submission to Congress of a number of petitions signed by citizens of several states praying that "the office of chaplain in the Army, Navy, West Point, at Indian reservations and in both houses of the legislature be abolished forthwith."

The petitioners declared that employment of chaplains by the federal government was unconstitutional and portended a union of church and state; and that the office had not infrequently been dishonored by the appointment of unworthy men.

Colonials who had ventured to the new land to enjoy freedom of worship were not content to stand by while their religious liberties slipped into temporal or political hands as they had in the Old World.

The house judiciary committee in a decision dated March 13, 1850, upheld the rights of sailors to have chaplains aboard their ships.

"Portions of our naval forces are at all times in some distant coast," the report stated, "often on stations where not only the language of the people is strange, but their religious rites are abhorrent. He often finds himself where no holy days or Christian service would ever remind him of his distant home."

FOUR years later the committee made a second reply to petitioners who again requested that the chaplaincy be abolished. It was a hard-headed, clear-cut decision aimed at silencing the critics once and for all time.

It pointed out that chaplains were in the Army even before the adoption of the Constitution; that the first Congress had appointed chaplains; that the expense of maintaining chaplains was slight; that the need for religious guidance even in Congress was great; and that the exercise of religion was necessary for the safety of civil society.

From that time forward the chaplaincy was permitted to grow in relative peace.

The tempering force which the principles of Christianity had on the hard-bitten Old Corps appeared soon after the chaplaincy won its fight for full recognition. Padres brought about the outlawing of flogging, which until 1850 had been universal punishment for even the smallest offense. Another reform, although not so popularly received by the tars of the day, was permanently suspending the issuing of daily grog to men aboard ship.

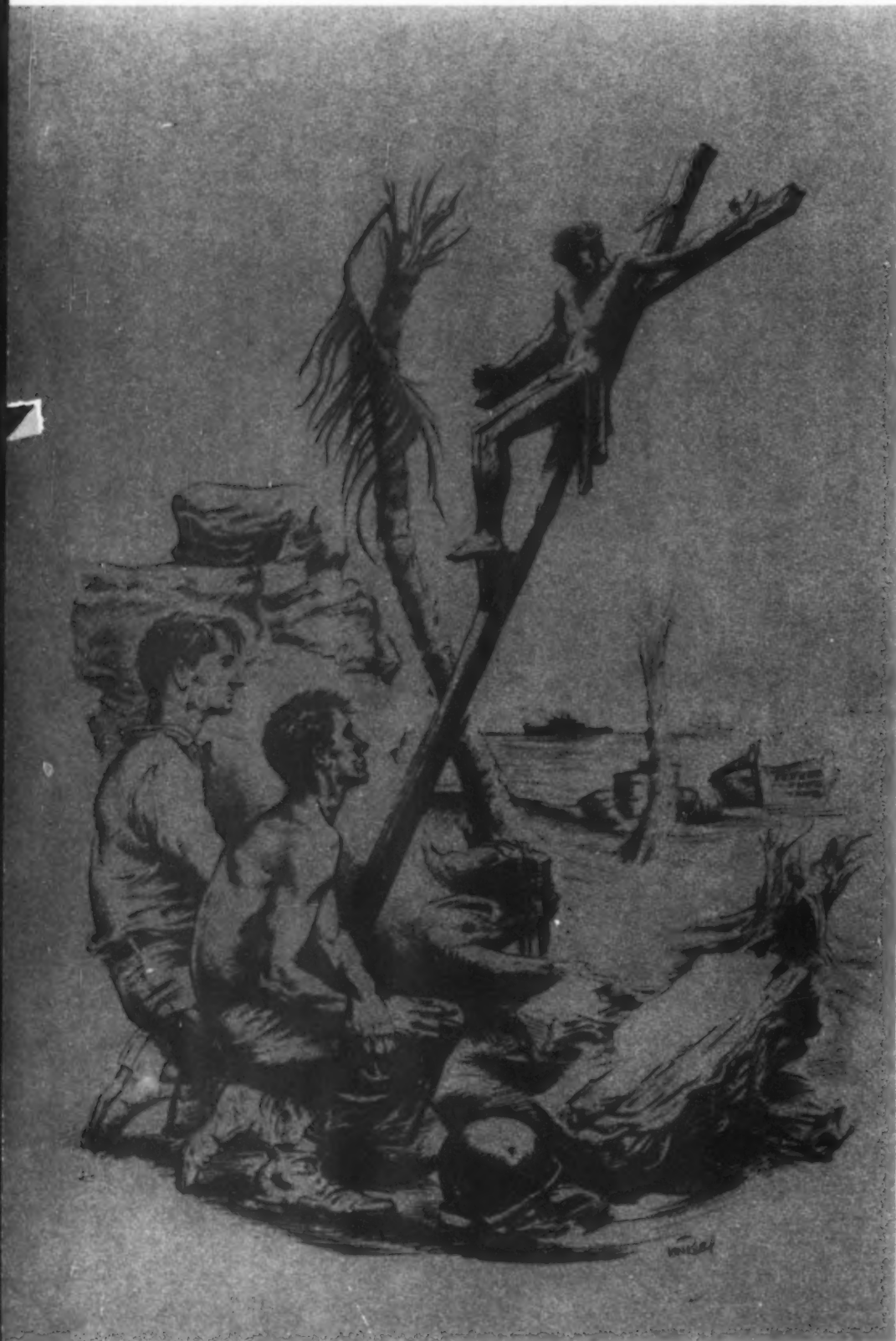
The padres established a school for midshipmen aboard frigates in the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard, further proving that they were aware of the material as well as spiritual needs of the service. It was this school, founded by Chaplain Robert Thompson, which later developed into the idea for a naval academy to train prospective officers of the fleet and Marine Corps.

The appearance of the plain black coat, vest and pantaloons as chaplains worked among the troops became a symbol of temperance. It was not long before the familiar expression, "Knock it off, the Padre's aboard," became an accepted expression of respect.

During the Civil War, the Union had its share of chaplains but the Confederacy, whose Navy was a mere skeleton force, did not. It did have one, however, a Joseph Wilmer, probably the first chaplain ever to be taken prisoner in time of war. He was captured on his return from England in 1863 where he had gone to purchase medical supplies and Bibles for the South.

Wilmer won his release by maintaining that he was not actually a combatant and had been on an errand of mercy.

With the end of the Civil War, the need for chaplains again fell off, although the Protestant and Catholic faiths continued to be represented



A ruined Jap pillbox surrounded by rubble, gave tired Marines shelter as they attended services on a windswept beach at two



Two men from a Second Marine Division tank outfit are baptized by a Navy chaplain in front of a shell-shattered amphibian tractor



Chaplain William Rafferty conducts funeral services for Marine Major General Charles Barrett at a cemetery in New Caledonia



The battle-weary veterans and casualties on a Statesbound Coast Guard transport attend the services held by a padre in sick bay

For thousands of years, fighting men have asked for spiritual aid. In 1945 more than 2800 chaplains served the Navy and Marines



A mass is celebrated on the first Sunday after the landing on Guam. Behind the altar lies a wrecked amtrac which provided cover for Navy doctors and corpsmen during the taking of the beachhead



On Peleliu an ox-cart serves as an altar for the chaplain of the Third Battalion, Fifth Marines. Beside the blasted Jap administration building, the crew of a "Duck" stand by for condition red



The Marines who lost their lives in the fighting on New Georgia Island are laid to rest in their jungle graves. Chaplain Paul J. Redmon who faced front line fire with them reads the last rites

Where Marines fought

in a token Chaplains' Corps. Father E. A. Brodman, stationed at Parris Island, was the only padre serving the Marine Corps at the beginning of World War I. Later, as fledgling Marines flocked to the service, chaplains were recalled. E. E. Bayard and J. S. Brady accompanied the Fifth Marine Regiment to France.

By the end of World War I, each Marine regiment had a Protestant and Catholic chaplain.

World War II found the Chaplains' Corps again reduced to a peacetime minimum. In September of 1940, there were only 94 preachers and priests serving the Marines and Navy. On that fateful December 7 Sabbath morning, 19 chaplains were conducting services in the Pearl Harbor area. Two of them were killed—Aloysius H. Schmitt and Thomas L. Kirkpatrick. When word began to filter in from the Philippines, Wake and Guam, many more were listed among the casualties and prisoners of war.

The Navy's revived concern for more chaplains at the beginning of the Pacific war led to the creation of a school for padres at Norfolk, later moved to the William and Mary University campus at Williamsburg, Va. Father Robert D. Workman, a former Marine sergeant who had done a hitch in the Old Corps—1905 to 1909—was recalled and placed in command. He became the first chaplain to hold the rank of rear admiral and in 1945 was elected to fill the newly created post of Chief of Chaplains.

Qualifications for entrance to the Padre Workman's School were made unusually high. Aside from the usual four years of college plus three years in a seminary, the candidates had to meet the regular requirements of Marines. Their training varied from eight weeks to three months, covering physical education, service terminology and a shakedown cruise at one of the Navy's main stations where they were left to wrestle with firsthand problems in human psychology.

Here they listened to their first tales of woe from enlisted men; found out that not every gumbat was to be taken as Biblical truth; were taken-in on small loans and sometimes embarrassed by the service's crude vulgarities.

UPON completion of their course, all candidates under the age of 38 were commissioned lieutenants (jg) while those over that age were made full lieutenants.

Although the primary duty of the padres was to bring religious consolation to the troops, their work actually only began there. In field units they became personal counsellors to men whose stability had been disturbed by battle; in the rest camps they became therapeutic physicians to



Chaplain Arthur Glasser, Lieutenant (jg) USN, proudly delivers his sermon from the chapel

the Chaplain followed

men whose minds had been deranged by the shock of war. Padres were in charge of graves registration before that duty was turned over to the regular registration service. They took care of cemeteries, sometimes repairing and painting markers and crosses, and they conducted more burials per day than most ministers conduct in a whole lifetime.

Padre E. H. Hotaling, who averaged 100 burial ceremonies a day on Iwo Jima, in addition to sorting personal effects, said of his assignment:

"Most jobs you can get used to. But this one is different. Every man you bury is a fresh tragedy."

STORIES of valor and sacrifice beyond the call of duty are many in the Chaplains' Corps. One hundred and nine members of the organization were decorated with medals ranging from the Purple Heart to the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Father Joseph T. O'Callahan, ship's chaplain aboard the aircraft carrier *Franklin*, was awarded the CMH for inspiring his men when he joined them in the ammunition hold of the big flattop after it had been bombed and caught fire. The *Franklin* limped into Ulithi on March 24, 1945, still afloat six days after it had been hit. The priest's name was by that time a byword for coolness and bravery on the lips of sailors and Marines throughout the Fleet.

Chaplain George S. Rentz was aboard the USS *Houston* when it sank in the Java Sea on March 1, 1942. Rentz offered to give up his place on a pontoon but was persuaded to stay aboard. During the first night at sea, the padre succeeded in carrying out his desire to make room for a younger man aboard the raft. The next dawn his lifejacket was found protecting one of the wounded.

With the war over, the Chaplains' Corps has been asked to assist in rehabilitating Marines. The padres redeployed to the Veterans Administration must have had combat experience. They will work with disabled veterans in four major war-incurred types of sicknesses: the psycho-neurotic; the long-term convalescent; men about to undergo serious operations, and the chronic alcoholic.

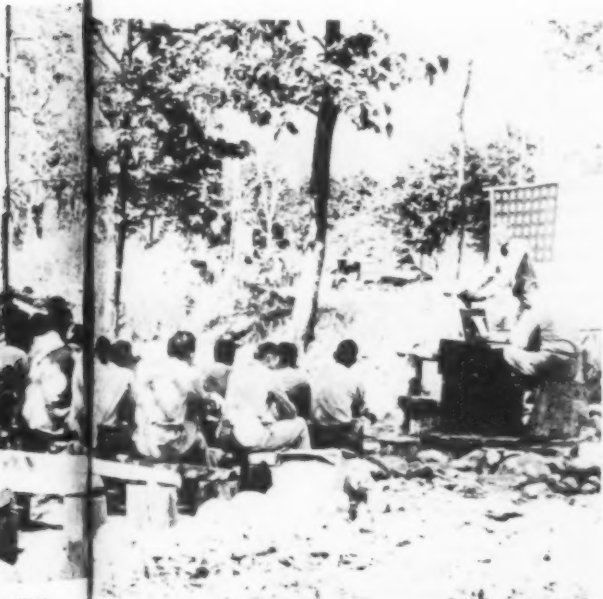
At the same time, the chaplaincy will attempt to acquaint the public with its work, both in peace and war, by the release of five documentary films aimed at dramatizing character education. The films will be shown along with other entertainment pieces in a reversal of the old belief that padres are a bunch of stuffed shirts who have no place among the services or in war. **END**



This cheerful reading room which adjoins the chaplain's office and the main library at the Naval Air Station, South Weymouth, Mass., increased book circulation and helped to induce letter writing



A Guadalcanal native kneels on the war-torn soil of his island to receive absolution from Lieutenant William J. McCabe, USN, of the Chaplains' Corps, on the second anniversary of the Marines' landing



which he built alone in six days. He was with a Marine division "somewhere in the Pacific"

POSTS OF THE CORPS

Trinidad



**Marines guard this Caribbean
base on a picturesque
island discovered by Columbus**

STRETCHING in a parabolic course for 1700 miles from the coast of Florida to the shores of South America, the islands of the West Indies lie like a curving pearl necklace between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. At the base of this island chain, and within sight of the northeastern coast of Venezuela, is the lush tropical island of Trinidad. To the average traveler to South America, the very mention of Trinidad stirs up old hungers for Point Cumano, Calypso's and rum and coke. But existing along with the afore-mentioned places and things is a U. S. Naval Operating Base which includes on its roster a Marine Detachment of some 100 men.

The American base is situated on the Gulf of Paria, which separates this British possession from the South American mainland. In the far distant past the Gulf served as an excellent shelter for adventurers, explorers and pirates who roamed unhampered throughout the Caribbean. The "Dragon's Mouth," northern entrance to the Gulf, was once a perfect spot for a pirate's ambush. As such, it earned an infamous reputation on the Spanish Main. Many a renegade sailed through it after a foray, finding shelter in the numerous bays and inlets of the Gulf. Today the same waters echo the drone of great amphibian planes.

The Naval Air Station is maintained within the Operating Base, solely for the operation of seaplanes. There isn't enough flat land on the reservation to put down a Piper Cub. The large natural harbor and strategic position of the Gulf of Paria also make an excellent anchorage for the ships of the fleet, and Trinidad is often on the agenda for Atlantic Fleet maneuvers.



Sergeant Luther Hamby of Harrisburg, Ill., checks a Navy vehicle through the Naval Operating Base control station



Overhead ventilation plus generous window space and cement decks help to keep the barracks cool under a tropical sun



Inspections have to be scheduled according to the weather. During the dry season all hands must stand weekly checkups



Private Henry Coley of Greensboro, N. C., gets some history in the raw at the Royal Victoria Institute, Port of Spain

TRINIDAD (cont.)



PFC Dick Murray, Brownsville, N. Y., and PFC E. Morris, Battle Creek, Mich., escort the Misses Molly Lorenzo, left and Joan Davis, both

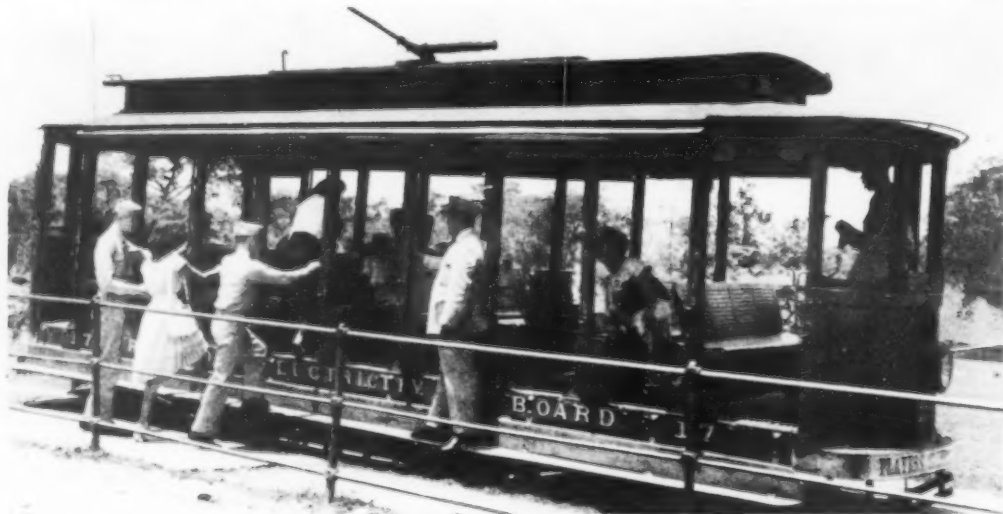
of Port of Spain. The brilliantly garbed sentry is standing guard on the gate of the Governor's mansion across from scenic Victoria Park

Trinidad came to the U. S. in the famous FDR over-age destroyer deal

The Marine Barracks area is located back from the ramps and hangars of NAS, nestled into a flat section of land at the base of the foothills of a range of mountains stretching across almost the entire northern coast of the island. On the Marine side is the barracks building, a low-slung, wooden, well-ventilated affair, a headquarters building, separate sergeant's quarters, a carpenter shop and a garage and mess hall. Located within the barracks building is a spacious rec hall and PX and an open-air slopchute for privates and PFCs. When the first Marine detachment arrived at Trinidad in March, 1941, the entire area was barren. Their encampment was appropriately nicknamed "Tent City." But not long afterward the section was developed and from the empty enclosure, rose a separate and complete living area ideally situated to receive the full benefit of any breeze striking across the Gulf of Paria.

When members of the original Marine detachment raised an American flag over the island of Trinidad for the first time in history, they raised it over an unfinished and still uncommissioned naval base. The station they had been assigned to protect was one of the chain of Atlantic and Caribbean bases leased to the U.S. in a destroyer deal between the United States and Great Britain. With its eye on the 99 year clause of the lease, the government has not wasted any time in making the base thoroughly livable.

Within the limits of the reservation may be found quarters for married personnel, including



An integral part of any sightseeing tour in Port of Spain is a ride on the "tram," an ancient open-air electric trolley. Murray and Morris, with their afternoon dates, prepare to embark



The sightseers pause to allow the girls a window-shopping session in downtown Port of Spain. The cosmopolitan character of the city provides satisfaction for almost any taste or income

Marine staff NCOs, a chief petty officers' club, a huge ship's service and canteen, a modern, thoroughly equipped gym, and a spacious outdoor movie. In a beautiful cove about a mile from the Marine Barracks is Scotland Bay, the favorite swimming hole of enlisted personnel on the base. Here are found bath houses and another canteen which dispenses coke, ice cream and beer—not in that order of importance to the men—but all in generous quantities. Farther along the north shore, several miles from the base, is Maracas Bay and beach, one of the most beautiful havens in the West Indies and a favorite recreation haunt of the men stationed in Trinidad.

The beach at Maracas, a white curving semi-circle of sand and water set down amid waving palms, with a background of towering, green covered hills, is one of those places which inspire the authors of tourist folders to truthfully eulogize. The road leading into it holds a spell-binding beauty for the visiting motorist. It winds its single width through valleys and across several of the smaller mountains with which Trinidad is endowed. The Seabees built the road and all concede to them an excellent job. It is only when hanging on the edge of a drop-off some two or three hundred feet, admiring the breathtaking view, that one thinks of discrediting their talent.

On week ends, Maracas is usually crowded with Trinidadians, English and American permanent residents and visiting firemen who run the gamut from idle rich to dollar-conscious summer tourists. Military recreation vehicles jammed with Marines, beer and sandwiches add a final touch of variety. Although this is the heart of the shark and barracuda waters, these denizens of tropical marine life are seldom encountered either at Scotland bay, on the base, or at Maracas. It is believed that, aside from the native swimmers who are too hard to catch, there is insufficient food to lure them very far into the bays. So the pounding surf is open to those who would enjoy it, and there are always plenty of them.

During the war the Marine detachment, Trinidad, wrestled with a 10 P.M. curfew ashore, but in later years it disappeared and remains all but forgotten in the routine of regular liberty. Although the location of the base on foreign soil requires a midnight expiration of liberty, the extra two hours allowed since the curfew has been lifted are usually sufficient for even the liberty "hounds." Time off, whether day or night, is an interesting and educational experience, and



The intersection of Charlotte and Prince streets in Port of Spain is a perfect example of the hodge-podge of races and nationalities thrown together in Trinidad. Note various advertisements



The couples stroll through Trinidad's Eastern Market which retails a variety of agricultural wares, suiting the tastes of a mixed population. Quantities of the island's lush produce are exported



The art of head balancing, one of the novel quirks in Trinidadian life, is casually accepted by two Marines from the NOB detachment.

Native women such as these returning home with the day's washing are a customary sight along the quaint streets winding around the city

TRINIDAD (cont.)

it requires a good many off-duty hours to understand the history, customs and mannerisms of the people who inhabit the island—one of Great Britain's richest and most beautiful possessions. Some of the men of the present detachment, here almost two years, still have not had time to cover the many sights to be found.

The cosmopolitan character of Trinidad is most clearly revealed in the thriving city of Port of Spain, the island's capital and largest seaport, a 10-minute drive from the base. It hardly seems possible that a 10-minute ride would bring such a complete change of atmosphere and temperament. The Navy Base, like all overseas bases, clings tenaciously to whatever Stateside reminders are available. The radios sing out with Armed Forces Radio Service transcriptions of American music, hometown papers come by mail and the barracks room talk is mostly of home. But there is very little Stateside atmosphere about Port of Spain. An unknown sage once pictured the average American tourist as one who, immediately upon arrival in a strange land, begins a desperate search for something familiar. That tourist has a tough time in Trinidad. True, the very elite spots create an atmosphere to suit the customer whether he is English, American or Egyptian, but the streets of the cities, and the country roads and by-ways, reflect a strange mixture of modern England and ancient India, complete with a hundred and one variations of race, religion and custom.

Called *Porte De Espagne* by the French in the days when the powerful colonizing nations of Europe were fighting for possessions in the New World, the capital of Trinidad is today a sprawling modern city of 90,000 inhabitants. It is bordered on one side by a residential section of fine homes wherein dwell many British and American businessmen and their families, and beautiful gardens and spacious public parks. On the other side of town is a huge deep-water harbor with numerous freight and passenger landings, warehouses and other dock facilities which make Port of Spain the most up-to-date seaport in the West Indies. In the center of the city is history, geography, and entomology (bug life) mixing in an unrehearsed pageant of daily life. The English, French and Spanish peoples represent the early settlers and the presence of Negroes, East Indians, Chinese and Portuguese tells the colorful story of immigration.

TRINIDAD was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1498. Spanish colonists followed soon after, establishing the first settlement and opening trade with the Indians. Of the original Indians, only a few strains remain. They live high in the hills or in remote spots on the island. The English were not far behind Castille in recognizing the potentiality of Trinidad. Sir Walter Raleigh caulked his ships with pitch from a place which the natives named 'Piche.' Today "Pitch Lake" is one of the phenomena of the world. Fifty-two years of digging have been unable to produce the slightest dent in its surface. Trinidad is the world's only source of natural pitch from which asphalt is refined. It is impossible to make inroads on "Pitch Lake." The stuff just keeps coming back and refilling the excavations.

In 1797 an English expedition finally secured Trinidad, and from that time it has been one of the treasured spots upon which "the sun never sets." Not long after its acquisition, Trinidad passed into an era of immigration and development which has continued to the present day. During the early years of this period, the English wisely populated the island with residents of their other possessions. Great Britain still refers to these settlers as "indentured" immigrants. East Indians form over one-third of the present population of 450,000, nearly all of them brought from India as "indentured" immigrants after the emancipation of the Negro slaves. They still cling to their racial and religious identity.

Of the total East Indian element in Trinidad, about 95,000 are Hindu and some 20,000 Mohammedan. Throughout Port of Spain, as well as some of the larger hill towns, their mosques and temples may be found. The hushed rever-

ence of the East still awes all strangers who visit them.

Hardly a Marine in the detachment has failed to satisfy his curiosity by removing his shoes and visiting an Indian temple or mosque. Once the shoes are removed, a visitor may be ushered into the dim interior and allowed to stand and gaze at some of the most ancient and revered religious symbols in the world. And then, while a solemn Yogi priest intones a prayer for the visiting infidel, the infidel is expected to make a slight contribution to the church. The contribution is as much a ritual as taking off the shoes. A visit is incomplete without either.

Port of Spain has often been called the cleanest and healthiest city in the West Indies. Viewing Queen's Park and the British and American residential district, one can easily believe it. Port of Spain lies between the docks and the Queen's Park area forming one of the busiest, most crowded, commercial cities to be found in the Caribbean. For its size and importance, it is indeed a clean city. Through its commercial outlets flow the products of an island booming with tropical industry and agriculture, an island which is one of the richest primary producing small countries in the world. The chief export is

oil, one of the few commodities that do not go through the Port of Spain. Oil is refined and exported through the Port of San Fernando, some 60 miles down the coast.

The capital city is the center of export for all other products, which include sugar, rum, molasses, cocoa, coconuts and copra, coffee, grapefruit, limes and lime oil, bananas and angostura bitters. Total exports are valued at more than 50 million dollars a year, with the majority of products going to English houses which control the island's commerce and industry.

A great deal of the tourist-lure of Trinidad is centered in the combination of various native bloods which results in a truly conglomerate but interesting population. Although the influences of England, Spain, India, China and a dozen other countries are combined in certain of the racial stocks, each has an effect upon the entire population. On Price, or Henry, or Abercrombie streets—English names to be sure—may be found the restaurant of Ching Ling serving the best of Oriental chow, the shop of William Van Der Loon, Dutch optician, the night club Savoy with a Stateside band, a beauty parlor named 'Mon Cher,' and the hot tamale wagon of Jose Gonzales. On almost every street corner



Visitors to the island never cease to be amazed at Trinidad's rich tropical growth. This huge species of palm, the African Century Tree, blooms only once in a 100 years

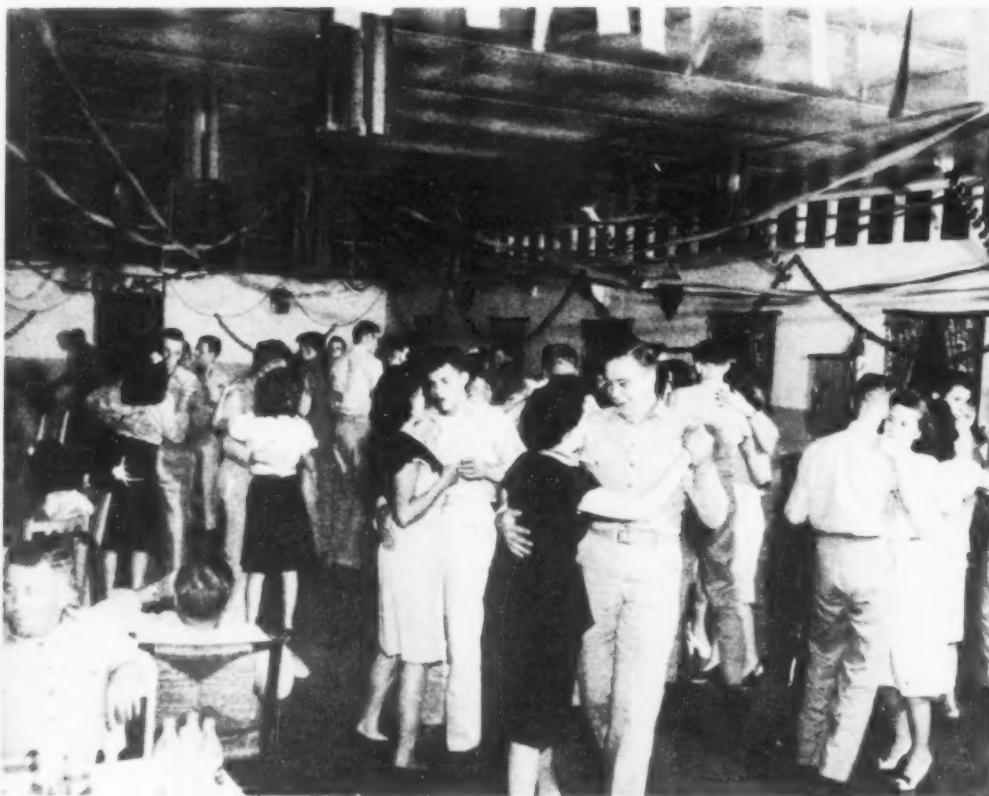
sit the ancient bearded beggars whose ancestors brought that ageless occupation with them from India.

One of the busiest sections of the city is Marine Square, just opposite the waterfront, and one of the standing puns doled out to new personnel of the Marine barracks is that this square was only recently named in honor of the present detachment. Actually the square is but one of several locations which bear the title "Marine." The English apply the word "Marine" to almost anything which pertains to the sea, or which is

patronized by seamen. Thus one finds the "Marine Bar," the "Marine Restaurant," and "Marine Square." Along the side of the square opposite the waterfront are several large, bustling establishments which closely resemble Stateside department stores. Within them may be found the latest American and British products to satisfy the most particular taste. Trinidadians are proud of the progress indicated by the need for these places of business. Their modern store fronts add a final touch of variety to tropical Port of Spain.



This self-explanatory plaque is situated on the Naval Operating Base near the present barracks. Since March, 1941, Marines have constantly developed their area to make it more comfortable



Once every two weeks Marines at NOB Trinidad hold a dance in their compact recreation hall, usually inviting dates or USO girls from Port of Spain. Beer and good chow are served free

The climate of Trinidad, in the words of the Marines who do duty there is "not quite something to write home about." At its best it is ideal, and at its worst, abominable. The dry season, roughly from December through May, is probably the most inclement period. During these months the island loses its "lush" appearance, and more closely resembles a grape left in the sun long beyond the raisin stage. The heat of the sun is intense, but due to the dryness of the air, remains tolerable. During the rainy season, however, the process is reversed, and the weather ranges from torrential downpours to sticky heat.

The rainy season is divided roughly into three separate "little seasons." At the outset of the rains, reveille finds the skies leaden with moisture which usually turns to rain before morning chow is secured. Around noon the sun shines, and the remainder of the day is spent stewing in the steam. Then toward the middle of the rainy season the timing changes. Almost every morning through the "middle" period the sun shines in a cloudless blue sky and just enough breeze drifts in over the Gulf to remind one of a press agent's spiel on sunny California. But about noon the heavens open up and the heavy rains continue until just before nightfall. During the long downpours one often wonders why the island, or at least the detachment, isn't floated out to sea in the wash.

During late summer one finds the evenings cool and clear, with a million pin-pointed stars gleaming in the sky. Throwing in a bit of tropical moon now and then, it makes a first class spooning season. Toward the close of the rainy season the end of the cycle is reached, and the period which follows finds the rain starting just before the first evening movie at the outdoor lyceum, and usually continuing until after the second show. At this time of the year Trinidad Marines take their Hollywood with a wet seat.

Despite unpredictable weather over most of the year, outdoor sports, of which swimming is the favorite, rank high on the agenda for off-duty hours. The sports seasons are almost completely reversed from the usual Stateside programs. During the early part of the dry season, late fall and early winter, softball is the order of the day, with half a dozen teams on the base, including the Marine detachment, competing for the base Commandant's Cup. This award is made once a year on the basis of a point system. The outfit with the highest total accumulated for all the sports holds the cup for a year. Basketball is played during the late winter and early spring, during the season usually allotted to track and field competition back home. Volleyball, not usually a prominent pastime, has become a major sport. It is played outdoors just as the rainy season is getting underway, in May and June, and games are never scheduled at a certain hour of the clock, but rather according to the rain. The regularity of the downpours is proved by the fact that seldom are scheduled games left unplayed.

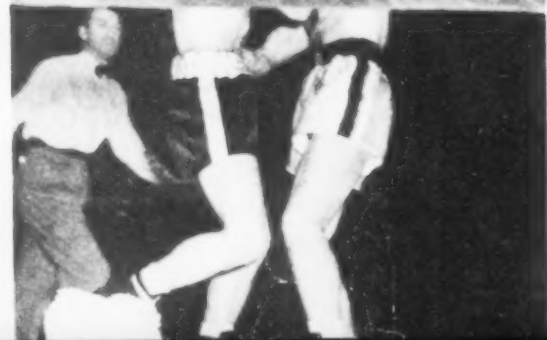
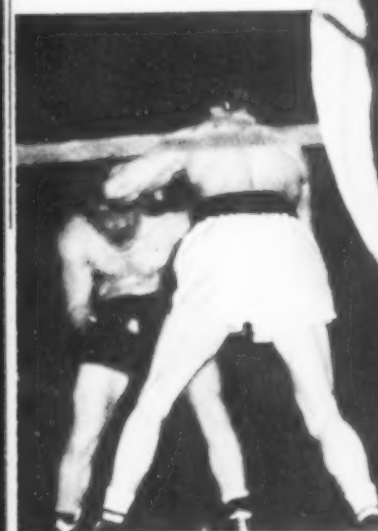
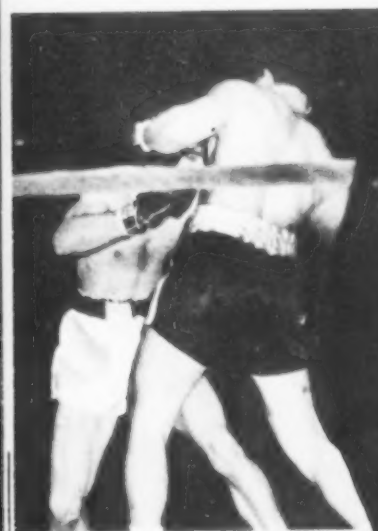
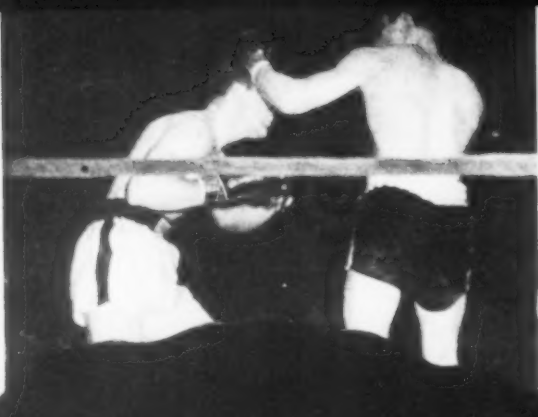
FOUR Marines of the Trinidad detachment traveled with the base softball team to Cuba for the recently completed Caribbean championship tournament, won by Guantanamo. The Trinidad outfit was plagued by a "Brooklyn Dodger" series of bad breaks. The day before the team took off for Cuba their player-manager-coach was transferred. The disorganization which followed had a lot to do with the team's defeat in the playoffs. Like the colorful crew from Flatbush, they were "waitin' fer nex' chere."

One of the most difficult forms of entertainment in Trinidad is dancing "Calypso." These lively native rhythms produce a kind of dance which is a combination jitterbug-rumba, comparable to no other style commonly encountered.

Watching the Trinidadians who move so deftly to its rhythm, one is easily fascinated by their natural grace, blended into the vigorous beat of the drums. There seems to be no historical origin of Calypso, nor was it brought to the island by any of the immigrating peoples. Trinidadians proudly claim it as their own. For the most part the men of the Marine detachment concur wholeheartedly. They can have it.

Anybody in the barracks will emphatically tell you, in his best Trinidadian accent:

"Calypso? God Mon! My aching back!" **END**



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Lavern Roach, ex-Cherry Pointer, out of Plainview, Texas,

is the newest sensation in middleweight ranks

THE NEW *Fighting Marine*

by Sgt. Spencer Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY SGT. JACK SLOCKBOWER

LEATHERNECK STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER,

OFFICIAL U.S.M.C. PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND ACME NEWSPICTURES

THE boxing world has been drawing personnel from the Marine Corps ever since the evening of August 27, 1889, when George Blais, battling under the name of George LeBlanche, and slightly AWOL from the barracks at Mare Island, California, put the chill on the original Jack Dempsey, "The Nonpareil," in San Francisco, California.

At the time, Dempsey was middleweight champion of the world, but LeBlanche had come into the ring over the weight limit and couldn't lay claim to the title. The blow that dropped Dempsey was probably the forerunner of what was known as the whirling belt buckle in the latter day Corps. At any rate it was delivered with one's back partially turned toward the opponent and with a fast whirling pivot, swinging the arm in a wide circle, clouting the victim with the back of the fist. The "pivot blow," as it was known, has since been declared illegal. From that day on, until he retired from the ring, LeBlanche was known as "The Fighting Marine."

The next Marine to gain renown in the fight game was Gene Tunney, "The Fighting Marine of World War I," who retired in 1928 as the undefeated heavyweight champion of the world. Tunney actually had done a little fighting prior to the war, but had not given it serious thought as a career until after he had won the AEF light heavyweight championship in the huge sports tourney held in Europe immediately following the cessation of hostilities. Upon his return to the States he embarked on a well-planned career that took him first to the American light heavyweight title, then in 1926, to the top of the world's heavyweight throne.

Tunney first won the American light heavyweight title by defeating Battling Levinsky in January, 1922. In May of the same year he lost the title to "the Pittsburgh Windmill," Harry Greb on a point decision. Then in February, 1923, in the old Madison Square Garden, he regained the title by defeating the same Greb in 15 rounds. He relinquished the throne in order to enter the heavyweight ranks and the following three years were spent fighting the ranking heavies of the

day. In September, 1926, he toppled champion Jack Dempsey from his lofty perch.

There were many who thought Dempsey, who had been fairly inactive for two years, could take Tunney in a return bout. One year later, in Chicago's Soldier Field, the former Marine again proved he was the world's top heavy by decisively beating the famed Manassa Mauler. Tunney's purse for that battle was the largest ever taken by a fighter, some \$30,000 short of a million. One year later he augmented his already fat wallet by knocking out Tom Heeney in 11 rounds. With his future financially secure he retired and is now a very successful businessman operating in and around Stamford, Conn.

When World War II rolled around, those connected with the field of fistiana conjectured on how many "new" fighters would emerge from the conflict. It seems that wars, and the training programs that accompany such conflicts are supposed to produce bigger and better exponents of fisticuffs.

There was plenty of speculation after the last war in anticipation of a new fighter who would be able to topple the crown of the current heavyweight champion, Detroit's "Brown Bomber," Joe Louis. The latest ratings show no new heavies on the horizon; the leading ten candidates for the title are all prewar models. Joe's crown is still intact although slightly askew. "Jersey Joe" Wolcott, a father six times, and rumored a bit older than Joe, is the lad who tilted the crown slightly to one side.

The Marines, however, have again turned out one of the most talked of and promising youngsters to be seen in quite some time. The weight has again shifted down to the middleweight class, and the candidate is Lavern Roach, out of Plainview, Tex.

Early in 1944, Roach enlisted in the Corps and was sent to the proving grounds at San Diego. After completing boot training he found himself at Cherry Point, wandering around among the F6Fs and Corsairs on the over-crowded runways. When a call for boxers was posted on the bulletin board, young Roach figured the squared circle would offer more room to move around in than any other part of the Point. Besides, he'd always had a hankering for boxing, and this call for potential candidates was the first project he had found in the Corps that brought back memories of home. Ever since he was 12 years old he's been "putting on the gloves" with someone and he had almost an inherent love for the game. He

began as an 85 pounder; then at 100 pounds and on up to the flyweight class of 112 pounds. The Golden Gloves tourney at Fort Worth, Tex., drew him into the amateur game in the bantam class at 118 pounds. When he reported to the gym at Cherry Point he was just about ready for the welterweights at 147.

Roach will be the first to admit that the turning point of his life was when he donned the gloves in the gym behind the old MWSS-9 area at Cherry Point. For it was here that he met and came to know well, the man who is now guiding his ring career. The coach and trainer of the Pointers was Sergeant Johnny Abood, who had, a few years previously, carved for himself a distinguished career in the ring under the name of "Johnny LaMarr." As a lightweight, he won 118 out of 130 bouts, meeting such outstanding men as Jimmy McLarnin and Jackie Fields.

After thoroughly "screening" the Point's personnel by holding intra-squadron matches, Abood came up with an aggregation that he knew, if given time, would be a formidable outfit. They began by meeting other stations in the immediate vicinity. Then they branched out into inter-service competition and wound up the 1944 season at the Carolina Golden Gloves, held annually in Charlotte, where they made an outstanding showing and captured the crowd's fancy.

The following season they picked up where they had left off, showing improvement in every match. The team had developed into so potent a band of mitt-slingers that they had to travel farther and farther away from their base to get matches. Sergeant Ty Primm of the Public Information Section, now a sports writer for the Charlotte Observer, was assigned to travel with the team to handle publicity. Four members of the team formed the nucleus: Roach and Howie Brodt, welterweights; Hal Anspach, at 160 pounds, and Al Highers, a lightweight. Abood, ever the patient teacher and conditioner, knew that he had one of the finest groups of amateurs ever assembled. In Lavern Roach he could foresee what every manager dreams about—a "natural." When he made a mistake, he practiced for hours correcting it, and never made it the second time. When he was taught some new phase of the game, it stuck with him.

The team's 1945 trek in quest of laurels carried them to Washington, where they participated in the District of Columbia's Golden Glove meet. In the open class, Roach took the welter crown; Brodt walked off with the 160 pound title, and

TURN PAGE 33



another teammate, Leon LeBlond won the lightweight trophy. Hal Anspach and teammate Jimmy McFadden took the middleweight and lightweight crowns respectively in the novice class. The combined wins gave them another team title and Roach was given a special cup for being the tournament's "most outstanding boxer."

A few weeks later they returned to Charlotte for another shot at the Carolina Golden Gloves. They romped home with five individual titles, Roach in the welter class; Johnny Byrnes, featherweight; Al Highers, lightweight; Howie Brodt, the middleweight throne, and Joe Rindone, light heavyweight. These wins meant still another team title and Roach took the "popularity trophy" for the second successive year.

In mid-March they flew to New York for the Golden Glove championships. They had four men in the finals. Roach took the welterweight class, and Brodt kept pace by taking the middleweight crown, defeating teammate Anspach in a thrill-packed bout. Al Highers lost a close and disputed decision in the lightweight division. Between the four, however, they massed enough points to take the team title cup.

The New York tourney officials picked these four men to represent Knickerbocker Town in their annual team match with the winners of Chicago's Golden Glove tourney. Incidentally, picking Highers over his opponent seems to indicate what they thought of the decision he dropped. This inter-city match is staged on a home-to-home basis and in that particular year it was New York's turn to visit the Windy City.

IN one of the greatest matches ever staged in Chicago Stadium, the New York team took a 9-7 decision. Of the nine wins, the Cherry Pointers took three. Roach, of course, took the welterweight crown; Brodt won another middleweight belt; and Al Highers proved the New York coaches knew what they were doing when they selected him, by taking the lightweight championship. Roach had the added honor of being captain of this great team. Immediately following the bouts the Associated Press voted Cherry Point the finest amateur boxing team in the country. It was the climax of a great year.

Late in 1945, when demobilization was well under way, three of the four mainstays headed for New York, their discharges carefully stowed in the bottom of their seabags. They had decided on professional ring careers, and keeping them well in tow, as manager and trainer, was the same Johnny Abood. The fourth member of the tribe, Anspach, hung around the amateur circles long enough to win the National AAU middleweight crown in Boston, early in 1946. A few weeks later Hal was selected to represent the U. S. when the American boxing team toured Europe. Hal turned professional when he came back and joined his Cherry Point buddies in New York. Once again it was Roach, Brodt, Anspach, Highers and Abood.

Prior to his entry into the Corps, Abood was in the knit goods manufacturing business, an enterprise started years before by his father, and into which Johnny had put much of his ring earnings. Anxious to get back to his business and still keep an active hand in the fight business, Abood tied up with Chris Dundee, veteran manager of fighters. Dundee now handles the business end of the combine, while Johnny takes care of the training and conditioning.

The routine in the Jersey training camp is almost the same as it was at Cherry Point. An early hit-the-deck reveille is followed by a hit-the-road trot of five or six miles—or longer if necessary. The fight game isn't all "sock." As in most other sports, a large part of the pay-off is in wind and legs. One look at any of Abood's boys proves that his strict training schedule has paid off. They're all in excellent physical shape.

As was expected, Lavern Roach was the first of the group to reach the critical crossroads to fame. Starting late in 1945, he managed five

Gene Tunney names Lavern as "the best boxer developed by the Marines during World War II"

Roach, Hal Anspach, Howie Brodt and bossman Johnny Abood have turned their winning amateur team into a tough pro stable

wins before the year's end, four via the knockout route. His first bout in 1946 was an overweight affair in which he dropped a close six round decision to Art Towne. That, incidentally, is the only loss in his professional career. He now has the remarkable record of 23 wins out of 24 starts. Although he has nine KOs to his credit he is not the possessor of a powerful, knockout punch.

It was after he had administered a severe beating in ten rounds to the well-thought-of Billy Arnold that the boxing critics began to sit up and take notice of this newcomer. When he was matched with Herbie Kronowitz, venerable trial-horse, and at that time 10th ranking middleweight of the country, the same critics thought Lavern was being tossed to the lions. Bothered somewhat by an injured ear, sustained in training, it began in the early rounds to look as if they were right. But starting in the fifth stanza, Roach pulled out the cork and started to turn on the steam. Moving in and out, jabbing beautifully with an accurate left jab and crossing with a hard right cross, Roach piled up enough points to take a unanimous decision.

Following this bout came the match with Youngstown's Tony Janiro, the pride and joy of Madison Square Garden fans. The critics still weren't convinced it was a good match. They all chimed in with the chorus, "Janiro has too much experience." They had an argument, too. Janiro had five years under his belt as a pro. Coming up through the welterweight class he had fought over 15 times in the Garden and many of these were main events. Because he was under eighteen years of age at that time, the Garden fans were oftentimes treated to a novelty eight round wind-up, since New York's boxing regulations prohibit anyone under 18 from fighting more than eight rounds.

At gong-time, Janiro was a 6-5 favorite; but Roach failed to read the odds correctly. In the first round, Janiro's initial rush was met with the stiffest, straightest, sweetest left-jab seen in many a fight. It landed flush on Tony's nose, and before Roach's glove could be withdrawn, blood

was squirting all over the ring—and that banged up nose kept Janiro in trouble for the rest of the fight. Off balance for most of the remaining nine rounds, Tony couldn't get started and Lavern was able to follow up his vicious left jabs with hard rights to the head and heart. As the battle continued Roach got stronger, and, in the opinion of veteran ringsiders, if it had gone further Janiro would have been a KO victim. It was another unahimous decision, with the referee, veteran Arthur Donovan, giving Roach nine of the ten rounds.

BROUGHT along slowly and skillfully by Abood, Lavern has now reached the position where he can almost pick his spots. At last reports he is to meet Marcel Cerdan, the French middleweight, who is listed in *Ring Magazine* as the No. 4 challenger for the middleweight crown. This will be Roach's biggest test as Cerdan is acknowledged to be, next to Rocky Graziano and Tony Zale, the stiffest puncher in the 160-pound group.

Roach wears the mantle, "The Fighting Marine," well. Whether he ever attains the championship or not, his behavior in and out of the ring are a credit to the Corps.

Already classed as an outstanding boxer, about the only asset lacking in his ring make-up is a hard, heel-rocking knockout punch. Only 22 years of age, he is still young enough to be able to devote a full year, if necessary, to the development of the so-called lethal sock. If he achieves it, he'll go to the top and stay there a long time. Johnny Abood thinks he can do it; he's brought him along this far with excellent results, and Abood's prognostications are good enough for me.

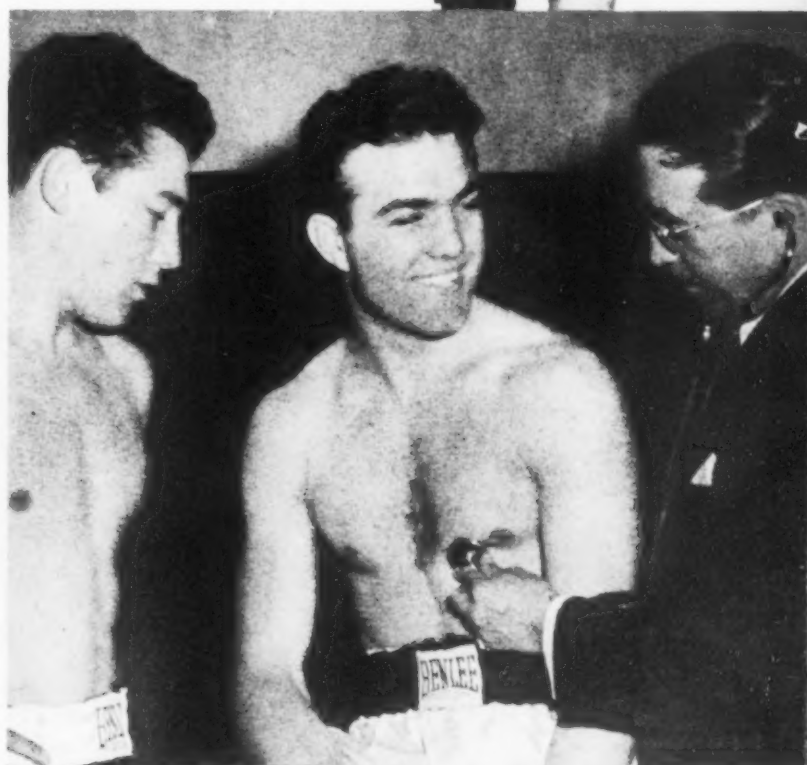
Lavern's outstanding performances during 1947 were impressive enough to bring him two additional honors, bestowed by two of the foremost men associated with the boxing fraternity. Former heavyweight champion Gene Tunney presented him with a plaque designating him "as the best boxer developed by the Marines during World War II." The other award was given by



←
HOWIE BRODT
Roach's stablemate



Successful business man and former outstanding lightweight, Johnny Abood still finds time to train his Cherry Point boys



The big Roach heart responds to the sounding of a N. Y. Boxing Commission physician as Tony Janiro, tough opponent, looks on



Lavern does a slow shuffle in the resin patch before settling down in the "home" corner to await the referee's instructions



Roach emerged on top after a furious bit of in-fighting during the seventh round and is ready to dust Tony's jaw with a hard right

HAL ANSPACH



Nat Fleischer, foremost authority of the boxing game, and Editor-Publisher of the boxer's bible, *Ring Magazine*. This was a large gold medal naming Roach the "Rookie Boxer of the Year."

Those who knew Roach at Cherry Point will find that he hasn't changed much. He's still the handsome, clean-cut looking kid he was then, and totally unassuming. The writer talked to him in his dressing room after the Janiro scrap, and he was as happy as a kid who had just inherited a half interest in Santa's workshop. He was courteous to the boxing writers gathered

about him; he spoke well of Janiro; he told of his folks down in Texas who he knew were gathered around the radio listening to the fight broadcast. He spoke shyly of his gal and impressed everyone with his sincerity. He spoke worshipfully of Johnny Abood and gives him credit for everything he has attained. If there's a lad somewhere in the world who can be classed as the "luckiest guy," Roach thinks he owns the title. The fight game could use many more like him.

* * * * *



Johnny Abood, Hal Anspach, Gene Tunney and Roach talk over Lavern's forthcoming bout with Marcel Cerdan, French middleweight. They all agree that it will be a tough scrap



New York Boxing Writers' Association honors Roach, Gus Lesnevich and "Jersey Joe" Wolcott at their annual dinner. Nate Fleischer, Editor

of Ring, presents the awards as the former Postmaster General James A. Farley and retiring Writers' President, Al Buck, look on approvingly

Leatherpushers from Quantico are the best of present day Corps

PERHAPS the most outstanding boxing team in the Corps today is the Quantico aggregation. Coach Freddie Lenn, who was middleweight champ of the Orient, while serving with the old Fourth Regiment in Shanghai years ago, has come up with a well rounded group of leather-pushers.

Recently they walked off with the Open and Novice Class team titles in the District of Columbia's Golden Glove tournament. Heading this group of promising youngsters is a flashing featherweight, young Frankie Stellato, who took DC's 126-pound open title. The lightweight title went to the sturdy Harry Rogers, whose staying and hard-punching powers carried him over some rough spots on the way to the finals.

Bill O'Brien, welterweight, lost out in the final bout by a KO. It was a slugfest from the word go, with both O'Brien and his opponent on the deck in every round. In the third, however, O'Brien, had three hard rights bounced off his chin and was in bad shape when the referee stepped in to save him from further punishment.

Keith King, heavyweight, was hard pressed all the way but took the crown with a fast closing third round.

In the Novice class, the outstanding man, Romeo Gabriel, is also in the featherweight class. He walked away with this title and proved himself almost in a class with Stellato. Jack Murphy, flyweight and Ray Axt, bantam, lost out in their final bouts, but the team title was saved when Ottice Hicks, middleweight, came through in a slam-bang match to take the crown in his division.

The goal of these boxers, is of course, the All-Navy tourney, and the possibility of qualifying for the U. S. Olympic team, via the National AAU tourney to be held in Boston, Mass., in mid-April.

END



Roach talks to a group of boxing writers in his dressing room after his win over Tony Janiro. Unmarked and in a jubilant mood, Lavern gives the scribes the scoop

by Robert J. Church

SERGEANT Spike Dudley did not closely resemble Hollywood's usual interpretation of the average Marine. Everyone knows, of course, that most of those green-clad gallants are tall, lean and handsome, but Spike was an exception. He did not measure up to the elegance considered standard in a Marine. He was, in fact, short and hefty, and having an abundance of hair the color of which could best be described as neutral. And, what with possessing two arms of an extraordinary length, he would not have appeared entirely out of place swinging through tree-tops.

At the moment, a look of perplexity was running amuck over the contours of his face. Spike was confused. He knew neither where he was, nor how he had come to be there. He could not recall having imbibed any intoxicants of late—due solely to a shortage of funds—or he might have had some explanation of his present quandary. All he knew was that one moment he'd been walking down his own company street, and the next, he had found himself on a road that was completely unfamiliar to him.

Spike was certain that he had never come this way before, for the road was not one he would voluntarily have travelled more than once. It was a strange road, long and narrow, with sheer walls of black rock rising from either side. The eerie light that filtered from above created grotesque shadows that hovered, spectre-like, along the walls. The atmosphere seethed with an oppressive heat, seemingly charged with malignity, and pale fingers of smoke writhed upward from fissures in the ground. It looked strictly from E. A. Poe.

Through this unholy environ Spike walked with vigor. He walked because there was little else he could do, and he walked vigorously because the soles of his feet were becoming uncomfortably warm. Occasionally he broke into double-time, a cadence he disliked heartily. He snorted and puffed. Sweat streaked his red face and trickled down his back.

Spike felt that somehow he'd been shanghaied. He liked nothing about this place, and he wished mightily that he were elsewhere. Gradually his expression began to change from one of bewilderment to one of anger, until he was striding furiously along, glaring venomously about him.

He had nearly reached the boiling-point, both figuratively and actually, when he came to a huge gate. It was an odd gate, unlike any he had ever before seen, being made of tremendous slabs of asbestos, reinforced with massive strips of wrought iron.

Spike stopped and stared at the towering obstacle. Then, impulsively, he put both hands against it and shoved. He sprang back with a thunderous oath, tripped, and sat down with a violence that rattled his teeth. The gate was smoking hot!

Spike sat in the middle of the road blowing upon his scorched fingers, and his well-chosen remarks, magnificently rendered in six languages, raised the already blistering temperature several additional degrees.

In the middle of a bellow that would have made a bull blush with shame, he stopped short and his jaw snapped shut. The gate was silently swinging open! Spike stood up, dusted off the seat of his trousers, and marched resolutely through the opening. His manner boded ill for the owner of the hot gate.

Inside, he paused to get his bearings—and an echo-like voice directly behind him said, "Welcome."

**Hell popped when a
buck sergeant went down
to see The Man!**

Spike froze, then peered cautiously around. Through shimmering heat-waves he discerned a spooky figure, clad in sombre attire, standing with its back against the gate. The gate had closed as silently as it had opened.

"Welcome," the weird individual repeated in a sepulchral tone.

Spike walked over to him. "Thanks, but 'welcome' to what?" he grunted sarcastically.

"Why, welcome to here," said the stranger with an oily smile. "Or is it possible that you really do not know where you are?"

RECENT events had done something to Spike's temper. He was not in a benevolent mood, and this clown's manner did nothing to improve his frame of mind. He therefore whipped forth a hairy arm, grabbed a fistful of black cloth, and yanked. The character found himself abruptly contemplating the globe and anchor on the middle button of Spike's blouse from a distance of about an inch.

"Listen, Eightball," Spike growled. "I asked a simple question and I don't want a lot of conversation. All I want is to know where in the hell I am!"

The stranger struggled loose from Spike's grasp and rearranged his smile with difficulty.

"Ah, I see," he said, panting a little. "You wish to know where in, uh—this place—you are. Well, this is known as the 'Northeast Portal.' Incidentally, this particular entrance is rather famous. Notice those hinges?" he asked, pointing toward the gate.

Spike nodded impatiently.

"Those are the very hinges about which a wide-eyed expression was coined. 'Hot as the hinges.' You've heard it, I'm sure. Oh, by the way, my name is not Eightball, it's Belial, Prince Belial."

He beamed at Spike for a moment, then pulled a thermometer from his pocket and consulted it. "Well, we'd better be starting. I can't stand here all day talking. Have to set the fire watch. Come along."

Spike stood rooted to the spot. "Come along where?" he asked suspiciously.

"To see the Old Man, of course. Every newcomer must see him. Have to be classified. Come along." He started off down a path.

Spike opened his mouth to protest, then closed it again and shrugged. "Well, O.K., maybe this 'Old Man,' whoever he is, can tell me the way back to camp." He fell in behind the Prince.

Belial glanced back over his shoulder. "Perhaps," he replied with a sardonic grin. "But if he does, it'll be the first time."

After a brief walk, they came to a large and impressive edifice. Over the entrance was a sign which bore the words "ADMINISTRATION BUILDING." Spike noticed that a sort of reddish glow was emanating from the open windows. The air smelled like the aftermath of Gomorrah.

Spike sniffed uneasily. "Hey," he said, "the joint seems to be on fire."

"Oh, yes," the prince agreed amiably. "It always is. Used to be known as the Inner Sanctum, but we renamed it when it was remodeled a few years ago. We try," he added with pride, "to keep up-to-date. We're going to install automatic oil heat next. Coal and brimstone are so expensive what with all the strikes these days."

While he was talking, they had entered the building and were now standing in what seemed to be some sort of anteroom. The temperature was such, though, that it could easily have been one of the establishment's ovens.

The Prince tiptoed over to a door, pulled it open a bit, and peeped through the crack. Then he threw it open wide and turned to Spike.

"We can go right in. His Majesty is not busy."

As Spike stepped through the doorway, the Prince announced in ringing tones, "Sergeant Spike Dudley!" Simultaneously there was a puff of smoke, Prince Belial disappeared, and the door clanged shut.

Spike gazed about him. Far across the huge, gloomy chamber, he saw a guy lounging indolently upon a golden throne. The throne was mounted on an ivory platform leading up to which were four steps. Behind it hung a backdrop of what appeared to be radiant, red velvet.

The character parked in the middle of all this tinsel beckoned to Spike. "Come on over," he called. "Come closer."

Spike listened to his own footsteps reverberating from the high, vaulted ceiling as he crossed the chamber. Drawing near, he saw that the man was clothed in a mantle of rich scarlet. He sported a pointed, black Van Dyke. A crown of gold was tilted at a jaunty angle over one eye, and he was toying with an object that resembled an abbreviated pitchfork. He looked like a refugee from Ward 2. Spike saw also that the backdrop was not red velvet at all, but a solid sheet of living flame.

"Helluva heating system," he opined. "No wonder the joint's always catching fire."

Ignoring the steps, Spike leaped onto the platform and stood towering over the red-cloaked figure. Startled, the guy involuntarily shrank from the sudden menace before him.

It took him a long moment to compose himself. Then he said, "It is forbidden to stand there. Descend!"

Spike took a step toward him.

"Never mind," the other said quickly. "As long as you're up here you might as well stay. Let's see now," he went on, "Dudley. Spike Dudley. Hm'm'm. Must be some mistake. Don't believe we were expecting you. Uh—just how did you get here, anyway?"

"That's what I want to know!" Spike yelled. "Also, how do I get out of here?" Then, incongruously, "What are you dressed up for, a masquerade? Boy, you sure look like the devil in that get-up!"

"Of course I look like the Devil! What did you think I'd look like, Mary's little lamb? I prefer, though, to be addressed as 'Mephistopheles,' if you don't mind. 'Devil' sounds so common!"

"Look, Mac, I don't care what you want to be called. I want to get out of here!"

"But my young friend," Mephistopheles purred placatingly, "why the rush? There's plenty of time. An eternity, one might say."

He paused and looked at Spike curiously. "By the way, don't you feel hot? You *should* feel hot, you know."

"It is pretty warm in here," Spike admitted. "I'd have to shed my blouse if I stuck around."

Mephistopheles exploded. "Shed your blouse? You're supposed to be in torment, you idiot! Screaming for a drink!"

"I'll be in worse than torment if I don't get back to—uh—did you say something about a drink?"

"Why, yes," said Mephistopheles, a crafty look coming into his eyes. "Would you care for one?"

"As usual," Spike said, "I would."

Mephistopheles snapped his fingers, and a goblet filled with a fuming liquid appeared suddenly in Spike's hand. Spike looked at the goblet and grinned. "Say, that was a good trick. Where did you tend bar?"

Spike took a tentative sip, then several lusty swallows. He smacked his lips. "Not bad. Not bad at all. Could stand a little ice, though. What's it called?"

Mephistopheles was staring at him, eyes bugged out in amazement. "Lava," he said weakly. "That's all. Just plain old molten lava."

"Yeah? Never heard of it. Must be bootleg stuff. But good." He tossed off the last few drops and handed the empty goblet back to Mephistopheles, who took it with a listless hand.

"Thanks," Spike said.

"'Thanks' he says!" Mephistopheles muttered in disgust. "What a schlemiel! But I'll fix his little red wagon yet."

"What's that?" Spike asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mephistopheles sighed, rising from the throne. "Come here, I want to show you around a little."

"All right, but make it snappy."

Mephistopheles led him over to a window. "Look yonder, Spike Dudley," he said. "This is a little sample of our ingenuity. Behold, the 'River Entrance!'" He sounded to Spike like a corny character out of a soap opera.

Looking out of the window, Spike saw a broad, misty river; a black expanse of water that eddied treacherously and was streaked with angry flashes of phosphorescence. As he watched, a barge crossed from the far side and disgorged a group of sad-looking individuals onto an old, rotting wharf. Every member of the group was dirty, had long hair, and was sweating profusely. A large, ugly character met them, formed them into ranks with angry gestures, and marched them off through the simmering heat.

"Holy smoke!" Spike gulped. "That looks like the recruit barge from Port Royal to Parris Island!"

The other smiled. "Yes, that's where we got the idea. The moral effect on newcomers is almost unbelievable. We've used it successfully for years. As soon as our new bridge is completed, though, we plan to start bringing them in by truck."

Mephistopheles took Spike by the arm and led him to another window. "Here's another little idea we borrowed from your outfit." He rubbed his hands together and chuckled gleefully. "Aren't we the regular little friends, though?"

Spike looked out over a wide, sandy plain. Squinting into the hot glare, he saw a vast throng of beings who were squirming about on the sand in a variety of positions—some prone, some sitting, some kneeling. Among these floundering creatures walked others who, with obvious evil intent, leaped upon a straining neck here, twisted a contorted arm there, and trod with vengeance upon aching backs everywhere. They seemed obsessed with the idea of making pretzels of the unfortunates at their feet.

SPIKE groaned in sympathy. "That could be nothing but a rifle range, and those obnoxious characters walking around, range coaches."

"They are, indeed, ex-range coaches," Mephistopheles replied. "I find that they make excellent assistant demons—almost as efficient as our ex-DIs. 'But,' he sighed, 'they do get so unruly at times. Do you know, we must actually import beer for them. Impossible to get them to cooperate without it. Imagine, beer in this place! I don't see why they have to be so blamed stubborn. None of my aides from other branches of the service act that way."

He frowned at a sudden, unpleasant recollection. "We tried a merger one time—thought it would make for a more efficient administration—but it didn't work out at all. Terrible! Took us months to get them untangled. So now we keep the Marines separate."

Spike was still gazing out over the hot plain. "How long are those guys going to stay out there?" he asked.

"Forever."

the devil and spike dudley



THIS MONTH'S CONTEST WINNER

TURN PAGE 39

THE DEVIL & SPIKE DUDLEY (cont.)

Spike whistled. "Forever? Boy that's a lot of snapping-in! Forever. Hm'm'm."

Now, while Spike was not exactly a speedball on the uptake, he didn't have to have a house fall on him to catch on to something—one or two of the walls would do the trick. So, a tiny seed of suspicion that had been rattling around in his head began to put forth questioning tendrils. He was on the verge of suspecting that all was not according to the manual.

Turning his head, he looked at Mephistopheles long and thoughtfully. Mephistopheles glanced up—and Spike hastily looked away.

"By the way," Spike asked slyly, "what did you say your name was? I'm poor on names and—heh! heh!—I may want to drop you a card sometime." It is doubtful if his attempt at nonchalance would have won him an Oscar.

"Mephistopheles," replied the other. "I'm known also as Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Devil—ugh—and a few other names which escape me at the moment."

Most of these aliases meant nothing to Spike. 'Satan' and 'Devil,' however, finally snapped on the light in his mind, and he looked as though he had just discovered half of a worm in his apple.

"Then you really are the Devil!" he whispered. "The real Devil for Pete's sake. Wow!"

"Will you stop calling me that? I told you I didn't like that name!"

"And if you're the Devil," Spike went on, "this place must be..."

"... But of course," the Devil said. "I thought you knew."

"I'm getting out of here now!" Spike exclaimed.

The Devil shook his head. "I'm afraid that's impossible. It would set a bad example for the others. Bad for morale. Anyway, things aren't as tough around here as they used to be. You'll have it soft."

"That's what we always say in the Corps, and I'm still getting out of here. Now are you going to show me the way," Spike asked ominously, "or do I take this firetrap apart?"

The Devil drew himself up. "I said you cannot leave! I, Mephistopheles, have spoken!"

"I am leaving. And I, Spike Dudley, have spoken."

AND the two stood glaring into each other's eyes. Steaks could have been broiled over the heat of the wrath that vacillated back and forth between them.

Then the Devil's veneer slipped and he went livid with rage. He gestured, and a trap-door flipped open under Spike's feet. He started to fall through the opening, but caught the edge with his fingertips and hung on desperately. The Devil stamped on his fingers. Roaring with anger Spike strained, his muscles bulged like muscles, and gradually he pulled himself up until his head and shoulders were out of the hole. The Devil kicked at his face. Spike dodged—and sank his teeth in the Devil's ankle! That gentleman howled and jumped straight into the air. Spike hoisted himself up the rest of the way, rolled clear of the opening, and sprang to his feet.

They rested for a moment, puffing and eyeing each other fiercely.

Suddenly the Devil pointed, and from his fingertips there crackled blue lightning. The bolt

missed Spike by a fraction of an inch. It sizzled past his ear and blasted a hole through the wall behind him.

"Maggie's Drawers!" yelled Spike as he dove through the air and tackled his opponent. Falling, the Devil stabbed at Spike with his pitchfork. Spike wrenched it from his grasp and kicked him. The Devil skidded across the floor and slammed against the far wall.

Screaming with fury, he clapped his hands, and a legion of Fiends armed with spears suddenly materialized. They levelled their weapons and charged.

Spike was getting into the spirit of the brawl. He grinned as he parried with the pitchfork, then impaled a half-dozen imps with one sweep. These, he heaved through the window as though they were a forkful of hay. A few more who had gotten in too close were kicked into oblivion.

Step by step, with parry and thrust, Spike drove forward. His method was more efficient than orthodox. The howling Fiends fought with hellish fury but were driven steadily backward. The place began to look like Saturday afternoon in a meat market.

Spike saw a sudden opening — and another batch sailed through the window in a perforated condition. One more lost his teeth on the back-stroke.

The remainder fought on for a little while, but Spike's enthusiasm had quelled their appetite for battle. They suddenly dropped their spears and fled from the onslaught. Some scrambled through the door; others dove from the window; two ran blindly into a wall and slumped to the floor in a heap.

Spike dusted his hands together, hitched up his trousers, and turned toward the Devil who was still sitting where Spike's kick had landed him. Spike's look, as he strode across the room, would have floored a percheron.

Satan paled. "No! No! Oh my gracious no!" he gasped—and promptly disappeared.

Spike stared for a moment at the space so swiftly evacuated by the Devil. Then he shrugged and, stepping over the bodies strewn about on the floor, walked from the room.

He made his way to the river he had viewed from the window. He walked out on the wharf and read a sign which said "River Styx—Pier 1." This he impulsively kicked into the river as he looked about for the barge. Then, because the barge was nowhere in sight, he plunged into the dark waters and began swimming toward the opposite bank.

Back in the wreckage of his throne-room, the Devil had reappeared. He rushed to the window and after a moment spotted Spike, far out on the river, churning up the water like a Chris-Craft.

"Whew!" breathed the Devil. "I'm glad he's leaving. And I'm going to make darned sure he doesn't get lost on the premises. He could ruin this place!" He stretched forth his hand, made a gesture like an amateur magician—and the river was empty!

Spike Dudley found himself returned to his own company street as suddenly and mysteriously as he had been whisked from it. Of the interim between his departure and his return, he had naught but the memory of some rather fantastic adventures.

In the slopchute that evening, he relished his cold beer even more than usual as he related his experiences to his companions—whom he had talked into supplying the beer. These worthies as can well be imagined, jeered at the bizarre story Spike unfolded before them. They hooted and howled and laughed at what they thought was the grand-daddy of all snow jobs.

But not one of them could account for Spike's singed eyebrows. Or for the strange scent of sulphur which clung to his uniform.

And now anyone who, in a moment of fool-hardy anger, advises Spike as to where he can go, hears the strange reply, "Thanks, but I've been there!"—a split-second before being aided into unconsciousness by Spike's fist!

END



**Spike had been through it
before - in boot camp at PI**

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Non-Call



Captain's Orderlies

COMBAT ART



How Cook

ALEX RAYMOND, captain USMCR is well known to comic strip fans as the creator of Flash Gordon and other pen and ink swashbucklers. His latest and best is private-eye Rip Kirby.

This is the first group in a series of World War II paintings to be published in Leatherneck. All will be the work of top-flight Marine combat artists





A weary patrol slogged through jungle wilds to find a Shangri-La

AN infantryman has one great advantage. Two feet will take him where a plane, a jeep or a tank would never get in a thousand years. Sometimes those same two feet will reach a reasonably close facsimile of Paradise which I am sure is a place the Lord intended you to enter on your own. No riders. No pick-a-back. No miners, sappers or approaches by submarine or parachute.

The reason I am sure is that the few close resemblances to Paradise I stumbled into during the war had entrances that were always narrow, tortuous and steep. You and your two feet could just about squeeze in. And their continued existence in the Elysian state was further insured by the fact that jeeps bearing generals and colonels and their staffs would have been upended or crushed between boulders miles short of the mark. Those worthy gentlemen would have had to get out and walk. That meant the paradise in question would have had the honor of their company deferred indefinitely, a fact which, though it put a reverse twist on the caste system, and seemed to deny the very best to the highest rank, may have had something to do with these places maintaining their original heavenly glow.

I don't know about the European Theatre. In the Pacific, however, there were several Come-By-Foot Shangri-La's in which amazed and grateful doughfeet suddenly found new reasons to be happy that they were not, after all, tank, truck, jeep or tractor riders. The scouts of the Tenth Corps and the Twenty-fourth Infantry Division found just such a place when they reconnoitered north of Malabang, in Mindanao, while the rest of the corps drove eastward towards Davao. The scouts, after a long hike and a tough climb, found themselves looking down on the blue waters of Lake Lanao—a 22-mile-long mirror of clouds, nearly 2000 feet in the air, a sort of Philippine Lake Geneva, cradled in the mountains, its shores studded with the white-minaretted homes of the Moros.

A similar surprise was in store for the few Marines of the First and Second Divisions who got over to Malaita Island during the Guadalcanal Campaign. Here, about 40 miles from the storm and stress of the war, was a beautiful ten-

acre garden loaded with tomatoes, peas, beans, pineapples, lemons and bananas. It was a pre-war British project which nourished the entourage of Colonel Marchant, Resident Commissioner of the Solomon Islands, while he and his staff waited for the Japs to join their ancestors.

And the same kind of enchantment was reserved for the assault elements of the Thirty-third Infantry Division in Luzon. After three months of bitter fighting up the Naguilian Trail and the Kennon Road, the two well-constructed, but well-fortified, accesses to Baguio, they built a trail of their own over a maze of peaks and ridges. Then they captured Baguio's cool cluster of fir and pine-scented valleys nearly 6000 feet above the sweltering rice fields of Pangasinan. They had it—for a while—all to themselves.

BUT there was another paradise of the Pacific War. It could well be called Lost Paradise. Everyone who stumbled into it managed, after considerable effort, to get lost in it. Among those who came and tarried were Americans, Australians and New Zealanders, soldiers and Marines, and at least one naval doctor.

Its name is Dagura Mission. It is located near the north coast of Southeast New Guinea, in the Australian Mandated Territory. It is about 83 miles by trail and 55 miles by map from the north shore of Milne Bay.

First thought is that this is a strange place for a paradise, but, on the whole, I think it is a very good place for one. Paradises ought to be put where they are needed. However, they also should present challenging difficulties of approach. This one met both requirements. But I am getting ahead of myself.

We had never heard of Dagura Mission. We were bound for Wedau. The map showed that the Wamira River more or less hit the coast at Wedau, which was a mere name in black type, hovering on sea-green paper.

"Try to be back in ten days," said Colonel John T. Selden, Commander of the Fifth Marines. "A couple of hundred miles of hiking ought to make you homesick for our nice little camp here. And don't forget we have another landing coming up."

"Aye aye, Sir," was the reply. "We'll probably be back in seven or eight."

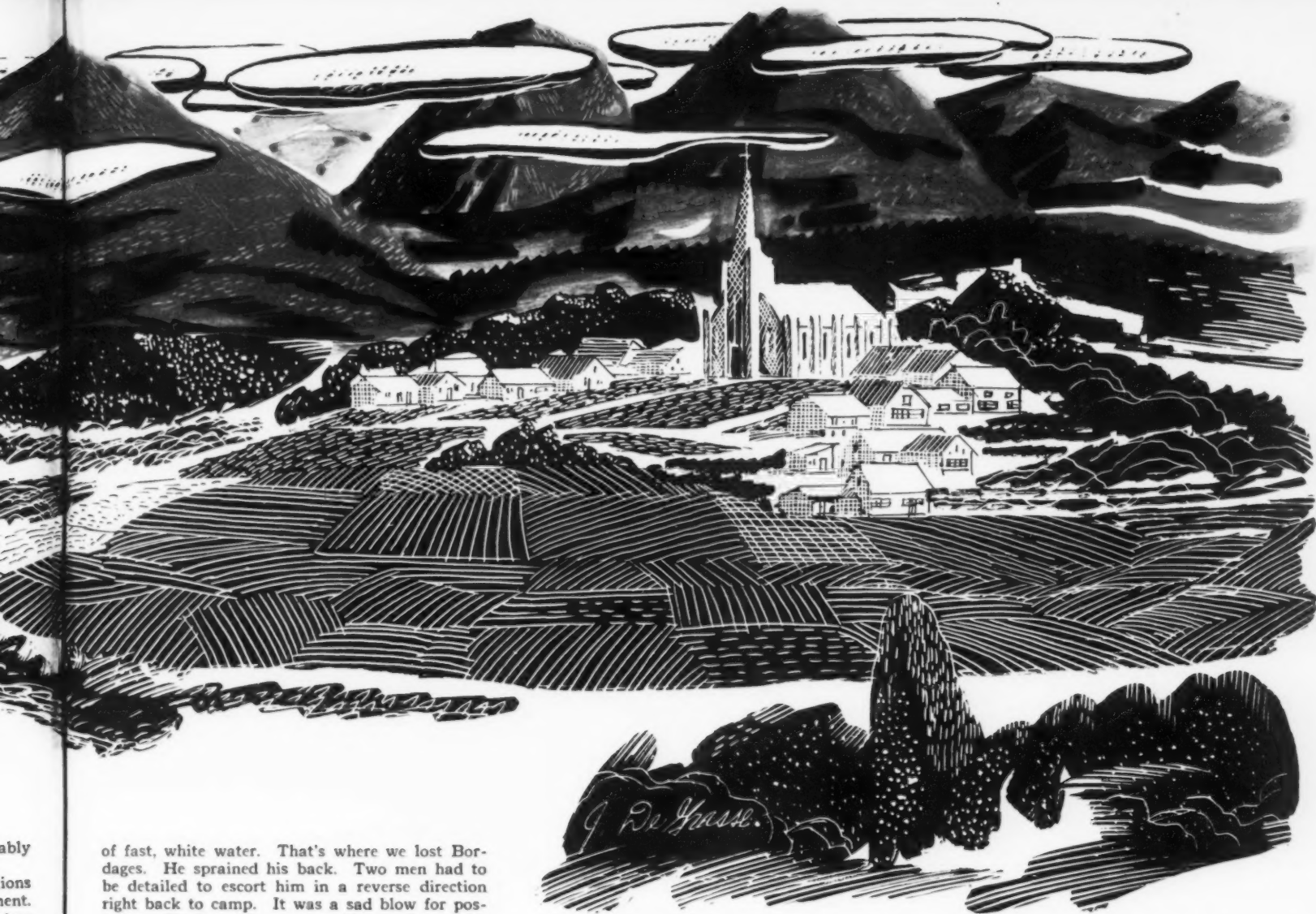
This was one of several gross under-estimations that dogged the military history of our regiment.

The trail we had chosen reached through two or three miles of swampy flatlands, then rose sharply on an escarpment which offered a view of all the ships in Milne Bay. There were dozens of them—a stirring sight. They ranged downwards in size from the four cruisers in Vice Admiral Thomas Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet to native outrigger canoes from Gili Gili. Riding gray and ominous on the white-capped water of the bay, and framed in the green jungle around us, were Liberties and Victories, and LSTs and LCIs, and a swarming water-bug collection of other craft, all assembled for the not-too-distant invasion of New Britain. We knew we, too, were slated for that landing. A backward glance at the ships produced a guilty sensation strangely akin, I imagine, to leaving a baby on a church doorstep. If we failed to emerge from that jungle, how would those people back there ever seize Cape Gloucester and Talasea? What would they use for scouts? Who would take care of them?

I only mention this to show that we all had an urgent sense of having to come back quickly and help win the war. Until, that is, we got to Dagura Mission.

As best I remember, there were 15 of us. We were a detachment of scouts, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, reinforced rather skeptically by one combat correspondent, Sergeant Asa Bordages, formerly of the New York *World Telegram*; and by one husky, beetle-browed naval doctor, Lieutenant (later Lieutenant Commander) Elmer E. Wadsworth of El Hambra, Calif. All of us carried about 65 pounds of rations, a carbine and ammunition. We were as heavy as divers chained to metal shoes. The sweat cascaded from us. Under the grunting strain of the weight and the heat and the steep climb, I could see many black glances leveled at me which bespoke a silent fury for ever having listened to my enthusiasm for the idea of taking a look at Wedau.

Two hours' walking found the trail entering the ledge of a chasm through which flowed a torrent



of fast, white water. That's where we lost Bordages. He sprained his back. Two men had to be detailed to escort him in a reverse direction right back to camp. It was a sad blow for posterity. Bordages is a very gifted writer. The combination of Bordages and the fabulous magic of Dagura Mission would have produced an immortal contribution to the world's literature; something, undoubtedly, between Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and Stevenson's "Treasure Island." We have always had due cause to regret the calamity of Bordages' withdrawal.

The first night we swung from jungle hammocks on the slopes of Mt. Mutuna. The whiff of cold mountain air was just like being back in Vermont. The second night we made the valley of the Tameo River, a fast muddy stream in a valley of grassy fields. Here from some timid but friendly natives, we acquired bananas and papaya and slept within sound of the roaring river. The next morning we woke feeling fit enough to cross the whole of New Guinea. This feeling of fitness notwithstanding, however, I don't recall any general agreement among us that morning to keep walking all day and far into the night. Looking back on it all, I think John Stankus was responsible.

Lieutenant John Stankus is a big towering, loose-limbed Marine whose combat proficiency has been rewarded with nearly all the medals in the Marine Corps. He loves to eat and he loves to walk. If, on patrol, the prospect of more food beckons within 20 miles, Stankus' great stride invariably lengthened in a heroic effort to bring his two loves closer together.

That's what happened in the middle of the third day. We were resting wearily, surrounded by a tangle of peaks near the general vicinity of Cape Frere. A passing native spread a rumor that there were wild pigs up ahead on the trail just after Stankus, with an expression of infinite sadness, had gone through his lunch ration as a St. Bernard dog might snap up a small canape. Stankus consulted his map. Then he asked and received permission to forge ahead with Sergeant Henry E. Anderson.

"Look here," he said, "you guys like to eat, too. We'll save the ham and bacon for you and

TWO FEET to PARADISE

by Guy Richards

War may be hell but
the last one turned up
a paradise for a few
curious liberty hounds

maybe we'll find some fruit to go with it. That's fair, isn't it?"

"All right. But don't go any farther than Wedau."

"Wedau?" said Stankus. "Lord, that's 30 or 35 miles. We'll never make Wedau today."

We parted company about 1400. All afternoon the slower 13 that comprised the main body trudged, climbed, groaned and sweated. The scenery here found the earth in one of its more heroic moods. Great twisted folds of volcanic mountains, covered with kunai grass and bare rock would suddenly plunge the trail into patches of rain forest shaded by trees 150 feet high. And we would travel in a muffled shadow-land of ferns and warbling birds and flowering shrub. In the open spots we could see a high wall of jagged land surrounded by a necklace of clouds. These were the great peaks in the eastern spine of the Owen Stanley Mountains. That airy meeting-place of earth and clouds and sky looked far more like a battle than a love affair.

AT sunset we had still failed to overtake Stankus and Anderson. We barely had time to gobble a few rations before a ceiling of black clouds moved over us and unleashed a downpour accompanied by a cannonade of thunder that echoed from at least a dozen peaks. We trudged on in the rain. By 2300 we clattered and slid into a wide flat plain. The trail continued through tall grasses.

The moon came out from the clouds. It lit up the tangle of peaks around us in a misty green light—an eerie sight which our own weariness magnified, each according to our nature, into something worthy of Edgar Allan Poe. Occasionally we stumbled past a native hut.

"Wedau?" we asked.

The answer was always negative. Finally we could stand it no longer. We found an empty leaf shack, threw ourselves down in it and peeled off our shoes. We were almost asleep when Sergeant Lester W. Bachman roused me to point to a young Kanaka standing outside. The native called my name, bowed and handed me a note. It was from Stankus.

"Follow this boy," the note read. "He will lead you up the trail to the Mission. Geez, what a place it is! Roast beef and peaches and cream. If you're hungry, hurry up. They don't keep the kitchen open all night."

"Nuts!" I said.

And then I thought to myself: "That guy Stankus certainly has a perverted sense of humor."

I turned to the boy who, my flashlight disclosed, was wearing a spotless white lavalava bordered with red.

"Now you go along this Master Stankus," I said. "You speak along him. You tellem altogether this feller master here him he tired too much. You tellem we sleep along this place and tomorrow we come and look along him. You tellem tomorrow he fixum soda fountain along mission and have plenty feller chocolate nut sundae and whipped cream—and cracked ice, you savvy?"

Tired as they all were, they contrived a few laughs at this. Especially when the native answered right away: "Me savvy, Master," and disappeared.

As I lay there tossing, and almost too tired to sleep, I wished I had never heard of roast beef or peaches or chocolate nut sundaes. I wished I had never met John Stankus. They all seemed to be keeping me awake.

The next morning was Sunday. Stankus descended on us before we had finished a late breakfast of mouldy K rations. He got a cool reception, for, after all, he had not only failed to deliver the pig and fruit he had gone after, but he had taunted us with invisible roast beef. "Save your wisecracks," he said. "Don't talk yourselves out on a limb until you have come and looked."

"To hell with looking," said Doc Wadsworth. "How about eating?"

"Eating, too," said Stankus.

A few minutes walk brought us to a wide river as clear as bubbling White Rock. We waded through it up to our waists. From the opposite bank the trail suddenly brought us to where we had a view up the slopes of a mountain straight



ahead us. There, a short distance away, was one of the most amazing spectacles I ever hope to see. On a great sweep of green lawn as neatly clipped as the polo field of the Meadow Brook Club stood a white stone cathedral with a red roof and a red steeple. Around it were other buildings—big, neat, well-painted the same two colors of the cathedral, and some of them two stories high. The whole scene looked for all the world like the transplanted campus of a New England college.

From that moment on, the Marine patrol changed with all the subtlety of a thunderclap into a mere stupefied group of tourists. First we would stare dumbfounded at the civilized splendor. Then we would look at the unrelieved wildness of its surroundings. Then we would look back at the splendor to make sure it was still there.

Twenty minutes later we were on top of the plateau and getting all the dope from Stankus. Dagura Mission had been founded by the Anglican Church in 1894. Father Thompson, the chief of the mission, and an Australian, was busy getting ready for the morning service, but Stankus assured us that the good padre would greet us later with the same bountiful hospitality that he had shown Stankus and Anderson the night before.

By this time Anderson had joined us. He was wearing a white shirt and a blazer bearing an emblem of the Melbourne Cricket Club.

"No kidding, Andy," shouted one of his friends. "Did you really have roast beef and peaches and cream?"

Anderson, tall, dark and wreathed in smiles, patted his stomach affectionately. "If you doubt

anything Lieut. Stankus has told you," said Anderson, "you don't deserve to be shown the place."

There were some very tricky things about the mission and its site, Stankus explained. In the first place, it was a paradise. Everything around here was tinged with luck. The natives were happy and healthy. Cattle grew fat. All sorts of fruit and vegetables prospered. There was virtually no disease. Fungus infections were rare. It rained very little, but the beautiful broad stream we had crossed, the Wamira River, was constantly nourished by the distant mountains, where it rained constantly, and the depth of the river, day in and day out, year in and year out, scarcely varied the fraction of an inch. The mission's gardens, all watered by the river, stretched inland for miles.

"Cattle?" interposed Wadsworth. "Say, how do you know so much about the place, John? You only got here last night."

"Father Thompson and the natives told me," Stankus replied. "As for the paradise part, some of you atheists and cynics may prefer geological explanations. Well, they're available, too. It may interest you to know that there's a mysterious and inexplicable band of dry country that stretches through New Guinea's rain forests from Port Moresby to the north coast. It's from six to 12 miles wide and we're right in it. You may not have realized it, but when you walked out of the rain last night you walked out of the wet country into the dry country. Nearly every day they can see the rain falling all around them here. And nearly every day the sun keeps right on shining here."

"Something like the north coast of Fiji," observed someone.

"Like the dry side of Oahu," said someone else.

"More like Paradise," corrected Stankus. He seemed to have that word in his head. He was not only a good patrol officer but a pretty fair poet. I divined that he had already chosen this place—as a chicken selects the right spot to lay an egg—as the scene of accouchement for some new verses. There are certain poets whom beauty inspires best if it is accompanied by large quantities of roast beef, peaches, cream, bread, cake and fresh vegetables. I could already foresee that getting Stankus to leave Dagura would require rehearsal in a field of tactics that has never been given adequate attention in the Marine Corps; namely, the planned withdrawal.

"The strange part of it is," Stankus continued, in his obligato of enthusiasm, "that with all the dryness there's no lacking in water. Did you ever see such clear water in your life as in that river? Well, there's miles and miles of that river valley under cultivation. The gardens go way up—come on, it's time to go to church!"

The cathedral bells tolled from the steeple. Groups of very black and handsome natives strolled across the lawn. They were dressed in red and white lava lavas, the women in white blouses, the men in white shirts. They were wending churchwards across the grass which served as a big centerpiece around which all the buildings faced each other. We merged into the main tide sweeping towards the cathedral.

INSIDE the great stone building it was very cool. Everywhere were rich gold and red accoutrements. Pews were composed of dark chairs arranged in rows. There were several stained glass windows on both sides, but most of the window spaces were unfilled with glass and open to the air, and as we went farther in we could see swarms of swallows flitting in and out, banking and zooming over the altar and over the heads of the congregation.

The priest near the altar, in white vestments, Stankus pointed out, was Father Thompson. He was tall, of powerful build, and with the weather-beaten face of an outdoorsman. He led us in prayers. But when it came to the singing the congregation of natives led us all in chanting the melodious verses of "Nearer My God To Thee."

There must have been 200 natives there, and probably more; and I'll never forget the lyric sadness of their singing as it welled through the open windows, while the chirpings of the swallows added squeaky little off-key minor-tones, and while the swallows' droppings occasionally hit the floor, or a member of the congregation, to all of which the natives took no notice. Father Thompson delivered a short sermon on the general



subject of faith in one's neighbor. Then we adjourned for Sunday lunch.

It was a meal, like all the others we ate there, that tasted better than most of the fancy food you can remember. The table was covered by a snowy white tablecloth. There was silver and napkin at each plate. The table was large enough to accommodate our whole patrol plus Father Thompson and the two priests who were his assistants. We were served by five cook-boys as handsome as all the other Dagura natives we had seen in church. There was fresh meat, three kinds of vegetables, fresh bread, jam, fruit, cake and tea.

"You are right," I said to Stankus. "This is paradise."

"You mean I am right," said Father Thompson. "I am the one who told him that and he believed me. You know," he continued, it's strange how few people know about Dagura in the outside world. It isn't on most maps. Even the Japs, with all their thoroughness apparently have never heard of it. They swirled all around us here. They were at Buna and Milne Bay and they flowed over the mountains into the outskirts of Port Moresby. There was a time I was sure they would come here in droves, if for no other reason than to ransack this valley of its riches in food and fruit. But the nearest group of Japs came no closer than seven miles—just out of sight of our steeple."

"Thank the Lord," Wadsworth observed, spreading a thick layer of jam on his bread, and doubtlessly thinking of the whole regiment of Marines we had left in Milne Bay, "there are a few places left that you'll never find unless you walk into them on your two feet."

Anderson turned to Father Thompson. "But we are not your first visitors during the war, are we, Father?"

Father Thompson smiled. "If you promise you won't tell for a long time," he said, I'll answer that."

WE promised. Then he explained how the first visitor was a downed American pilot who had been brought to the mission by natives. At first the pilot had been in a frantic rush to send word of his plight by runner to Port Moresby—on the other side of the mountains. Then he tasted the lotus of a few days at Dagura, and then he wasn't in a rush anymore. Weeks went by and a B-25 crash-landed 11 miles away and on the coast. The crew was brought to Dagura; at first they were in a frantic state of eagerness to get out and their messages brought another B-25 which made a beach-landing on the adjacent coast, bringing mechanics and spare parts, and a similar big rush to try to leave before the Japs got them. However, the other pilots, who had lost their sense of urgency, soon dissuaded their rescuers from taking any chances on a take-off unless the day, the tide, the weather and the winds were just right.

"It was really very flattering to me, as days and days went by," said Father Thompson, "just how choosy they all became about the right conditions for a take-off. Those boys were very

tired. They needed a good rest and a good chance to take stock. That's what the mission is here for. When they got it, they left. I have heard from two of them. One, I was told, has since been killed."

Australians and New Zealanders also discovered Dagura, but Father Thompson good-naturedly declined to tell how many, when and for how long.

"Not so very many and not so very long," was his standard reply. "On that subject, I assure you, I will be just as reticent about you Marines as I have been to you Marines if you'll do me the honor of staying for a while. If you do stay you will be able to explain to your people at home that certain parts of New Guinea are very close to God and God, we like to think, is very close to us."

Father Thompson was more than right. "As Dagura cast its spell over us, it became more and more evident every moment that the Creator had taken a special interest in the place. Baguio, Bali, Rennell Island and Hawaii are all tropical paradises of a sort, but there are also catches to all of them if you are to believe qualified witnesses. But at Dagura there was no catch. That single fact—when it hits you from all sides—can be very disturbing."

You could almost see the intervening hand hold off the troubles of the world. You could watch the big black clouds settle quietly over the distant peaks, shortly after noon; then slowly encircle the whole valley. Later you could see the rain drop its opaque curtain all around you. But all this time, and all afternoon, the sun kept shining on the valley and the mission and cathedral's red steeple.

The silver river gurgled down from the mountains and swept through the valley and its treasure of banana trees and growing vegetables. You could drink the water of the river. You could swim in it. And it was as cool as iced coke.

Everyone knows that the natives of New Guinea vary in color, size and intelligence from one place to another; that many are troubled by skin diseases. Here there was no sign of skin disease. Their color was jet black, but the skin of the natives was as free from blemishes as that of an actress who has just received a going-over from Max Factor.

In the mornings and evenings the cathedral bells pealed over the mountains and the natives filed inside. Mornings and afternoons the children went to school in the mission buildings and the adults deployed into the countryside to work in the gardens. Evenings found them assembled on the main lawn where Private Edwin A. Boyd, a strapping Marine with the voice of a musical bull, taught them to sing: "You Are My Sunshine, My Only Sunshine."

After they picked up this tune there was no other music for them in the Southwest Pacific. They sang it all day. And they sang it far into the night as the moon rode over the mountains and the cool mountain air rustled the tips of the shade trees.

Day followed day. We all seemed to be in a state of suspended animation. We slept in clean

sheets. Our dirty clothes disappeared and reappeared clean. When they disappeared, white flannels and blazers of the Melbourne Cricket Club were spread out in their place. You would have thought we were at the Chateau at Lake Louise in the calm days of peace. Stankus took to writing poetry. Wadsworth took to wandering. Boyd, Bachran and Anderson dug up the stories of the lives of the natives by following them into the gardens and talking to them while they worked. It's a strange thing how much unfinished thinking has been stored up in a war, waiting for the chance to exercise itself. The burden of conscience for staying on and on was placed at the feet of one of the scouts. They were badly blistered. There was a great question whether he would ever be able to walk back to Milne Bay. (He didn't—but that's another story.)

FINALLY the day came when we could no longer put off leaving. We took leave of Father Thompson and we did 83 miles in two days (moving by night as well as by day). We arrived back in camp amid the turmoil of a regiment getting ready for a new operation. There is one good thing about war and the preparations for it—most everyone is so busy that no one bothers to listen after he asks you what in hell kept you so long. It was not until several days after D-Day, at Cape Gloucester, that Col. Selden had time to listen after asking the question all over again. "Say," he said, "What was keeping you and the scouts over there in New Guinea? I thought you'd about decided to go over the hill."

"Colonel," I said, "to quote John Stankus, who is a better poet than I am, 'we were in paradise.' And believe me, Sir, a reconnaissance in paradise takes a lot longer than anywhere else."

The colonel considered this profoundly. "Well," he said finally, "that's the sort of recon that may be a terrible mistake. Supposing, which is very likely, you and your scouts go to the other place. Your premature recon in paradise will only serve to make you more miserable. And your failure to recon the right place will mean that you won't know where to hide from the big blaze."

"Even so," said Stankus, who is not only a poet but a wit, "No matter where they send you, Sir—I mean send us—don't you think it's worth something to learn that you're never farther away from paradise than two feet?"

I guess the colonel decided, after due reflection, that the discovery of this truth was worth something. About a week later he embarked with a few scouts on a patrol across New Britain and back, a distance of about 120 miles that led over two mountain ranges. For a regimental commander to go off on a small patrol is not only unorthodox, it is virtually in defiance of the Landing Force Manual, all of which may explain why the colonel seemed to have taken 10 years off his life when he came back to a very worried CP. He got a dose of his own medicine, for the general was waiting for him. "Colonel," said the Old Man, "what in hell was keeping you so long? Good God, I had about decided you'd gone over the hill."

END

Ernie Pyle

by Karl Schuon



Ernie Pyle shares cigarets with a group of First Division Marines as they rest on an Okinawa roadside, April 8, 1945. He was killed nine days later on Ie Shima Island



Despite fears that his luck wouldn't hold, Pyle went to Okinawa to write about the Marines. He was photographed on a tour of that island with Marine PFC J. P. Murray

"I AM on another invasion. I never intended to. But I feel that I must cover the Marines, and the only way to do it honestly is to go with them."

These few words in a letter from Ernie Pyle to his wife, written just before Love-Day on Okinawa, are a full expression of the fidelity the famous columnist felt toward the fighting men of World War II. After nearly four years on almost every front, this beloved correspondent had chosen the Marines for what was to be his last assignment. But three Jap machine gun bullets on Ie Shima silenced his typewriter forever and left his story unfinished.

Ernie Pyle was a human interest writer. Before the war his roving chores for Scripps-Howard newspapers took him practically everywhere. And wherever he went he met people, talked with them, and wrote about them in a plain, simple style. He understood them, knew what made them tick, and he could put them on paper.

But war had come, and when France fell, Ernie sailed to Lisbon, caught a plane for England and spent the winter months of 1940 and 1941 cabling descriptions of London's terrific bombings. His sympathetic, detailed accounts of air raid effects on the life of the British people were running in 70 U. S. daily papers, and by the time he returned to the States they were being read by millions. Ernie Pyle had become a celebrity.

In 1942 he took off again, this time for Ireland where he spent six weeks with American troops before going on to London. Shortly after the invasion of North Africa he left for Oran aboard the British transport, *Rangitiki*. When he arrived, the war had moved to the east. Although he was confined to Oran by a heavy cold, Ernie covered the campaign from there.

War had brought to him the realization that his homey, sensitive word-pictures were not suited to the broad coverage of battle stories. But he saw there were men in these battles, young American GIs far from home and in the midst of the greatest conflict in history. He wrote about *them*, and for every GI's mother, wife or sweetheart, his columns became the personal biographies of their loved ones in the armed services.

New Year's, 1943, found him in Algiers. After a few weeks at an airdrome at Biskra, he joined the infantry in the Tunisian hills. It was here that he had his first actual experience with the hardships of troop life. Ernie's deep affection for the GIs grew while he shared the men's rugged existence in the field. His dispatches contained vivid details of daily military life and, reflecting this affection, they filled the need of the American reading public, hungry for news of its fighting men. New readers were added with each new column and Ernie's fame climbed to new heights.

He returned to Algiers and, ill with another cold, visited central Africa. But he came back to Tunisia in time to write the dispatches on the surrender of the Axis forces in Africa. On D-Day, July 10, 1943, he arrived in Sicily where he remained until the end of that campaign.

War-weary and weak from the effects of his recent illnesses, Ernie returned to New York where an avalanche of lucrative offers awaited him. He said brief "no's" and fled to Washington. But there he found the same plaguing price demanded by popularity and fame. He made one war bond broadcast and then left for his small, white clapboard home in Albuquerque.

Ernie enjoyed little relaxation at home. Friends and visitors were numerous, and Lester Cowan, the movie producer, arrived to buy the film rights on some of the correspondent's work. After a few weeks he was off again for the Mediterranean via Washington.

His simple style of writing told a story of the little people who fought a big war

He made his first stop at Algiers and a few days later flew to Naples. There were weeks of rough going on the Anzio beachhead before he left for England, and the invasion of France. Normandy was his next big job. Soon after the liberation of Paris he decided that he couldn't hold up under the strain any longer and, although he felt like a deserter, he made preparations to return home.

In New York he posed for Jo Davidson, noted sculptor, and then went on to Washington. After a visit with old friends at the offices of his paper, the *Washington Daily News*, he left for Albuquerque.

But a gnawing unrest was at work in Ernie's conscience. A war still was being fought and he knew he had to go back and finish the job he had started. His book, "Brave Men" had been published and was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. He had written about brave men, and, although he was afraid, and admitted it, he wanted to be with them. This time, however, it would be the Pacific. He wanted to cover the Navy and the Marines.

He went to San Francisco, and after a few necessary arrangements had been made, left for Honolulu. At Pearl Harbor he completed several preliminary columns and took off on a hop to Guam via the Johnston and Kwajalein Islands. He spent some time with the men of the B-29 crews at Saipan and then went on to Guam.

In February, 1945, he was aboard the light carrier, *USS Cabot*, a unit of a task force bound for strikes at Tokyo and Iwo Jima. He welcomed the opportunity to be on board for it gave him a chance to rest while he caught up on his writing. He returned to Guam on a destroyer escort and spent three weeks turning out columns before he flew to Ulithi to prepare for the invasion of Okinawa.

At Ulithi, Ernie boarded as assault transport with elements of the First Marine Division as part of a convoy heading for the Easter Sunday invasion. Here he spent much of his time with the enlisted men, experiencing the grim determination of the Marines and the impending shadow hanging over every island venture. He wrote:

"There's nothing romantic whatever in knowing that in an hour from now you may be dead."

As he climbed into a landing boat, after watching the initial stages of the Okinawan landing, the drumming fears which had stalked his path across the Pacific mounted. He shared the military man's knowledge that constant gambling with deadly stakes can have but one end, if the game is played too long. Then, when the beach proved to be virtually undefended, his fears subsided. He joined a company of the First Marine Division.

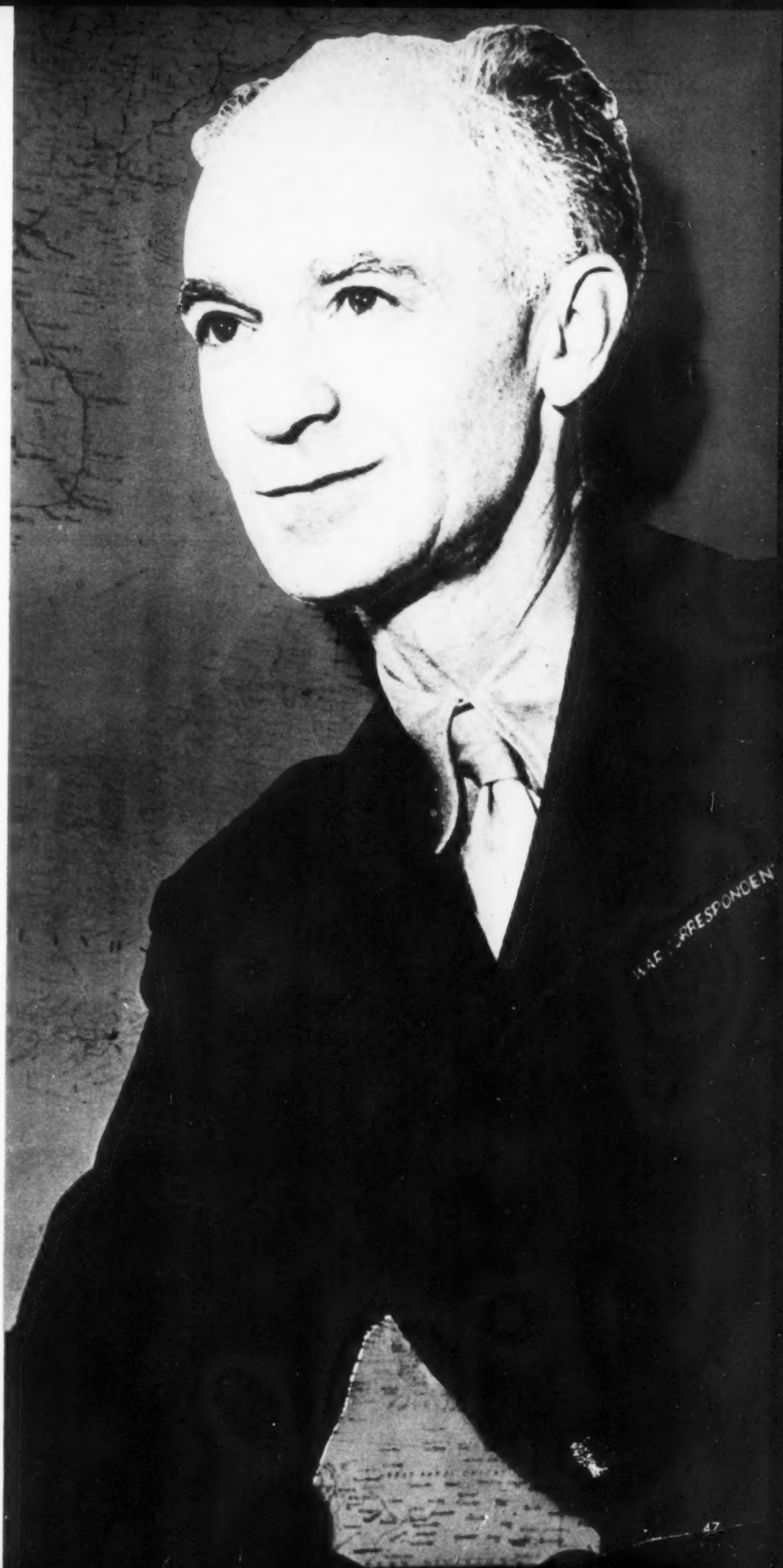
Keeping up with the Marines on their marches was rugged duty for the 44-year old newspaperman and after a week on the island he boarded the *Panamint* to rest and write. His depression had left him. In a letter to his wife he wrote:

"Everything is fine with me now . . . I will never make another landing."

But the *Panamint* was scheduled to take part in an expedition to seize the tiny island of Ie Shima. Ernie went ashore on D-plus-One, 17 April, 1945, and from a forward command post he watched the 307th Army Regiment, a fresh regiment, hit the beach and advance against heavy fire on the town of Ie. That night he slept in a deserted Jap dugout in an area infested with Jap patrols and snipers.

The following morning Ernie left for the front in a jeep with Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Coolidge, Major George Pratt and two non-coms. A burst of machine gun fire from a Jap sniper along the road sent the men scrambling into ditches. After a short interval Ernie and the colonel raised their heads to look for the others. Several bullets from a second burst of fire caught the correspondent in the temple just below his helmet. Ernie Pyle had written his last story.

END



WAF RESPONSE



WE- THE MARINES

Edited by PFC Michael Gould

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Master Sergeant Robert Jones bids his family farewell before sailing for the Mediterranean

Delayed Award

John H. Clifford was wounded while serving with F Company, Fourth Marines, on the island of Samar in the Philippines in 1901, but he waited almost half a century before he received the Purple Heart for that wound.

It wasn't that John was slow in noticing that he had been hit, but the decoration, which was originated by General George Washington, wasn't rated by naval personnel until the outbreak of World War II.

When the authority was granted making Marines and sailors eligible, it was also made retroactive. Prior to that authorization, only naval personnel attached to the Army were awarded the Purple Heart. It was re-established for the Army in 1933.

Free!

If you're an average letter writer, (two letters a week), Congress' revocation of the serviceman's franking privilege is costing you 31.2 short beers per year. It's a terrifying picture, but don't despair—someone, who apparently has experienced a dry palate too, is at bat for you.

If a bill, recently presented to the House Armed Services Committee, becomes law, members of the armed forces will be allowed free mail again for another two years.

Too Close For—

The Navy has decided to let Marine and naval families continue eating, for a while at least.

The Navy Department withdrew a pending bill from Congress which would terminate dependency

benefits for enlisted men on July 1, 1949. No further action is contemplated until Congressional reaction to a proposed revision of Army and Navy—even Marine Corps—pay scales becomes evident.

Whew!

A Rose Is A Rose Is A Rose

Americans will never forget the treacherous radio efforts of "Tokyo Rose" throughout the war in the Pacific. Millions are still wondering why she wasn't tried for treason. Rose wasn't too successful in her attempts to demoralize troops



in battle, but she undoubtedly was responsible for the loss of some lives.

Current news reports state that the female viper is trying to obtain permanent re-entry into the United States. If she is permitted to re-enter and is acknowledged as an American, she is a traitor. If she's a native Japanese, she was merely aiding her country. Those are legal technicalities. But, it is probably the prayer of many Marines, that UCLA-educated Rose be prosecuted, whatever the case.

Ironically, her plea for re-entry coincided with the return of the first war dead from Pearl Harbor and the Pacific.

Chinatown—Please Note

Chinese souvenir swindlers might be surprised to learn that it is possible for their game to backfire. They needn't bow their heads in shame, however, for the turnabout was entirely accidental.

While in the land of the Mandarins and many bullets, Warrant Officer Emil Garret bought a six-by-nine-foot tapestry for \$250. He thought he had a bargain. Upon being discharged from the Corps, he took the tapestry to his home in Mauk, Ga. Some of his friends, after admiring the intricate designs evidently woven with thin strands of gold, expressed the opinion that the tapestry might be worth far more than he had paid for it.

For an appraisal of his bargain, Garret took the souvenir to a Washington art gallery. Excited experts there dazed the former W.O. by declaring the tapestry to be worth 60 times its purchase price, or \$15,000. It had once been a valued possession of Emperor Pu-Yi, and had probably taken half a century to complete.

There'll be a pause while the old China hands make a sudden dash for their attics.

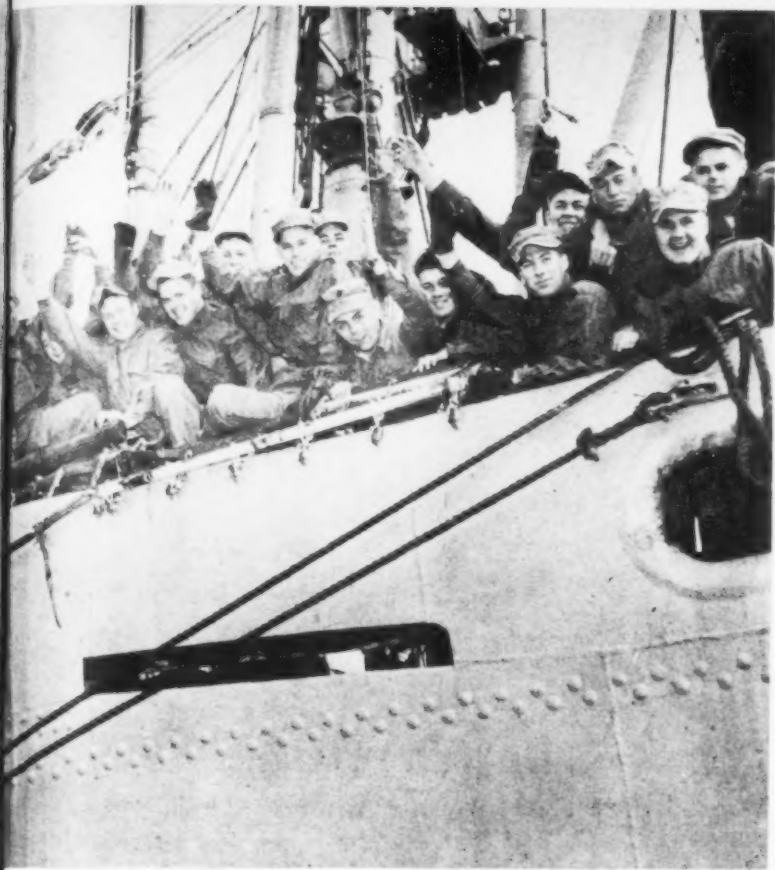
For The Record

The Corps is filled with people attempting to usurp the beaver's venerable and honorable reputation for eagerness. Few, however, have topped the record which a Marine Corps Institute man, Corporal Jerome D. White, established in 16 months duty while a math instructor.

Corp. White completed 33 MCI courses, earning one diploma and 30 college credit hours in his spare time.

In addition to straining over the 455 lessons that comprised the 33 courses, White attended the U. S. Department of Agriculture Graduate School where he also gained college credits. His collection of odd and unrelated subject studies was accepted as valid credit by New York University, leaving only the finishing touches of his college education, which he intends to polish off quickly. Recently discharged, he was to return to NYU to complete his pre-medical work.

And he builds twig dams as a hobby.



Second Division Marines, destined for training maneuvers in North Africa, wave cheerfully as the USS Bexar shoves off

Loading gifts equipped with parachutes, Lieutenant Colonel Shepard prepares to become Santa Claus' airborne assistant



"POWER HAPPY"





A one-time instructor of Marine Raiders, Master Sergeant Oscar Weaver was one of 22 who served with the Commandos



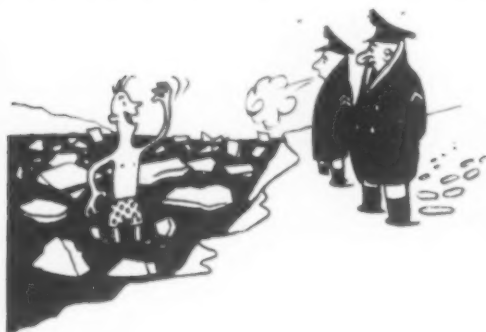
This USC student is one of the many men being urged to join the Reserve through cooperative Los Angeles fire stations

Commandos

The two allied fighting outfits internationally considered the most spectacular and colorful, the U. S. Marine Corps and the British Commandos, met and worked together only once in the last fray. Eleven Marines from the East Coast and eleven from the West Coast were shipped to the British Isles in 1942 to study Commando tactics.

After preliminary training in England the Marines went to Largs, Scotland, where, in the words of Master Sergeant Oscar B. Weaver, a member of the detachment, "We went through a really rugged grind." Concerning their instruction, Weaver related, "We could have just stood around and watched the Commandos train, but our officers knew we would learn a great deal more if we absorbed it physically and so we found ourselves practicing hand-to-hand combat, hasty demolition, jujitsu and all the other characteristics of hit and run warfare."

Sgt. Weaver was impressed by the Britishers'



stamina in bearing up under the grueling program of training. He was more than impressed by their ability to withstand the icy Scottish weather. While the Marines shivered and shook in heavy sheepskin jackets, the Britons pranced about in knee-length shorts. One even made a habit of taking a morning dip in the frigid waters of the nearby Clyde river.

While the Marine detachment prepared to return Stateside, the Commandos were being readied for their ill-fated attack on Dieppe. The Marines made repeated requests to Headquarters

to participate in the raid, but all were disapproved. Upon arrival in the U. S., the 22 men were assigned to train Marine Raiders in Commando type warfare.

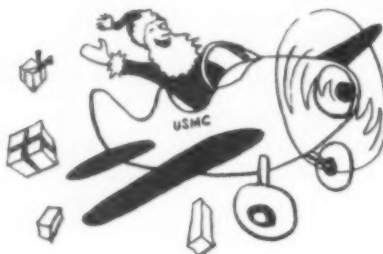
Reserve Santa Claus

Several days before last Christmas, a United Airlines plane flew high over Antelope Valley in California. It spiraled to lose altitude over one of the isolated ranch houses of the Valley. An object was pushed from the plane's cargo hatch and, supported by a parachute, it floated slowly to earth.

The two figures on the deck hesitated, apparently undecided as to the nature of the falling object. Concluding that it wasn't a bomb or an invading parachutist, the two men rushed to the package and broke it open. It was filled with food and holiday sweets.

Throughout the valley, the plane circled over desolate houses and dropped gift packages to the mystified ranchers. At the plane's cargo hatch lay Marine Lieutenant Colonel C. E. Shepard, director for the 11th Marine Corps Reserve District at Los Angeles, playing bombardier with the gifts. His score of hits was up to Corps standards, too, for most of the packages and letters, containing Christmas greetings from the Marines and the donors of the foodstuffs, landed in front yards or in near-by fields.

In a plane provided by United Airlines, Col. Shepard, assisted by Sergeant Willis Hoppe, brought Christmas to Antelope Valley with the gifts contributed by the Von Food Market and the Los Angeles Van De Camp Bakeries.



Ted Malone Broadcast

"Forever Nineteen," the elegy of a young Marine killed in action on Okinawa, which was published in the August edition of *Leatherneck Magazine*, was nationally broadcast on the Ted Malone radio show January 26th.

The moving poem portrait of the life of PFC Arthur Fredric Otis, Jr., was written by his father. Actually a compilation of individual poems, written during each stage of his childhood and adolescence, about PFC Otis, it expresses the sentiments of many American families and the price they paid for victory.



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Sound Off

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

The editor of this column regrets a mistake which appeared in his story, "Old Gimlet Eye." The story stated that Major General Smedley Butler made remarks about the Italian leader, Mussolini, while on a visit to Italy. A letter from his widow informs us that he had not been in Italy at the time. The remarks were made, instead, at a club in Philadelphia.

FLYING SERGEANTS

Sirs:

I would appreciate very much if you would answer this question for me. Did the Marine Corps ever have enlisted flying sergeants? I claimed that I had seen enlisted flying personnel when I was at Cherry Point, N. C. Another fellow tried to convince me that, if you flew a plane you had to be an officer. And if so, what was the lowest rank a man ever held, who had wings?

John J. Maloney
Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

● Yes, there have been enlisted pilots in the Marine Corps. But this practice was discontinued in 1942-43, and, if we are not mistaken, some of the enlisted pilots were rated the best in the Corps. While we can find no records to substantiate this, it is reported that a number of pilots were privates. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish more data on this subject.—Ed.



WANTS TO SEE FRIENDS

Sirs:

I have been out on twenty for about six months, and at times I sure get lonesome for the Marine Corps.

I recently purchased, and am operating the Humble Station and Snack Bar in Edgewood (Tex.), on highway 80 — 55 miles east of Dallas. A number of old Marines I know have stopped in, not knowing I was here. Wish more of my old buddies who are traveling across country would drop in and chat awhile. Would also like to hear from any of my old pals from China and the First Division. I am sure there are lots of old Fifth Marines in Texas now, and I sure wish they would drop around and see me.

Max M. Stamps
MSGT., USMCR (F)
Edgewood, Tex.

TUCKED IN FIELD SCARFS

Sirs:

I noticed an article which appeared in the New York Daily News where a doggie and a coastie claim that the Marines lost their colors at Guadalcanal and again at Cape Gloucester. Are they right?

Also a few of us would like to know why the Army wears their field scarfs tucked in their shirts and we wear ours out. One of the fellows claim it is because the Army lost its colors during a major battle. Could you set us straight on this?

PFC Thomas M. Grimes
PFC Patrick R. Mangine
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● At no time in the history of the Marines have they ever lost their colors. It is expected that no Marine, or Marines, will ever do anything which might cause this to happen.

It is simply a matter of regulation for the Army to wear their field scarfs tucked in, while those of the Marines hang free.—Ed.



THE EIGHTH AT OKIE

Sirs:

. . . Now what I would like to stress is that of all the stories to come out of the Pacific, and especially Okinawa, I have yet to read hardly anything about the Eighth Marines. I know the Eighth doesn't deserve much credit for that campaign, as we arrived during the last stages of the battle, but we were welcomed wholeheartedly by the First and Sixth Divisions.

We were put on the line between the aforesaid divisions and successfully broke the back of the Nips when we staged the break-through at Yaeju-Dake, then acted as spearhead for the final assault which pushed the Nips into the sea.

It was in our sector that General (Simon Bolivar) Buckner was killed, this being on the 17th (18th June — Ed.) and the first day of our advance. We, the Eighth Marines, knocked out the gun that killed General Buckner . . .

We were told that the Eighth Marines would receive the Navy Unit Citation for our part in the campaign, but I've never heard whether we did or not . . .

PFC Loal G. Arnold
West Dearborn, Mich.

● The Eighth Marines were not included in any citations awarded for service on Okinawa.—Ed.

DRESS BLUES - TENNIS SHOES

Sirs:

From now on I refuse to dance with my shoes on. Please allow me to tell you my story, and I am sure you will agree with me, as every Marine must have the same trouble.

As you know, November 10th was a big day for us Marines, and we had a big dance—as they probably did at every other Marine base in the country. Two weeks before the dance I began polishing my shoes for the big event. I spit-shined them until they looked like a mirror...

Then came the big day of the dance, for which I'm all prepared — just waiting to swing and sway with the beautiful women. After dressing very carefully I was ready for the big event.

The music started—this was the moment I had been waiting for — I gave my brew to a buddy, like a good Marine, and asked a sweet young thing to dance. As time went by, I kept noticing nicks and scratches on my shoes. Oh, well, I said to myself, they will easily come out after a few more hours work on them; so every time a girl stepped on them I would smile, but quietly say to myself: "I hate women."

At the end of the evening, I actually felt like turning in my emblems and resigning—I was bitter. My dress shoes looked like a pair of boon-dockers which had seen a rainy season on Guam. Well, that's my story, and no doubt a majority of the Marines know how I felt. So, Marines, remember, the uniform for our 173rd Birthday dance is "Dress Blues and Tennis Shoes."

Private First Class
Barstow, Calif.

● *Either you used too much polish on your shoes and it cracked off, or there is a different type of woman out there now than there was a few years back. They never used to stomp on a Marine's spit-shine.*

You must have made plenty of points at that dance, saying quietly to yourself all night long, "I hate women."—Ed.



"HOLLYWOOD CHARMS"

Sirs:

I am not an old "salt," as old salts go in the Corps. However, I did enlist in July, 1941, and got in on the tail end of the old Corps, including the old, prewar *Leatherneck*. Now for my gripe. I favor a return to the old time *Leatherneck* style. Some features of the new *Leatherneck* are OK, such as Posts of the Corps features. But I fail to see what possible connection such articles as "Hollywood Charms," in the November *Leatherneck* could have with the Marine Corps. If the men of the Marine Corps wish to read about the movie stars let them buy movie magazines. Keep the *Leatherneck* about Marines, by Marines and for Marines.

Sgt. William G. Rattley
Tulsa, Okla.

A MARINE COMES HOME

Sirs:

I am enclosing a picture of my son's grave. His name was Sergeant Ralph G. Roll, US MC, killed on Tarawa, November 20, 1943. His body was brought back on the *Honda Knot* and he was laid in his final resting place at Lusk, Wyo., on October 19, 1947.

I would like to say that my family and I are well satisfied with the way the government has handled our part of this program. And, we are very grateful to Sergeant Bruce B. Bronson, USMC, in the performance of his duty as escort for our son's body.

Mrs. Zula M. Rasmussen
Lance Creek, Wyo.

● *We thank you for your kind remarks concerning Sgt. Bronson, and the escort service, and regret that we cannot print the picture in Sound Off.—Ed.*



RIFLE OR GUN?

Sirs:

I hate to bother your organization with trifles, but something very perplexing has come up.

I went through boot camp in the Spring of 1946, and throughout that period of training, we were severely reprimanded for calling a rifle a gun.

Now, I am used to the idea, but lo and behold, what do we find in the second verse of our Marine Corps Hymn, but the line: "We have fought in every clime and place where we could take a GUN." Maybe at the time the hymn was written, Marine small arms were not rifles, or perhaps the author had reference to some kind of field piece.

Now I do not suggest that the word "rifle" be substituted in place of the word "gun," since the former does not rhyme very well with "sun," but I would, out of idle curiosity, be interested in the explanation for the usage in our hymn.

Cpl. Albert K. Christenson
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

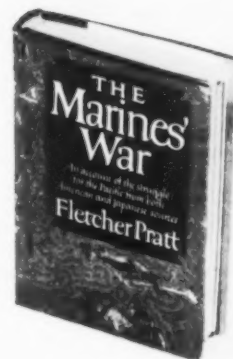
● *You have a very good question there, Corporal, and after some research we have decided the author, or authors, used poetic license and used the word gun to rhyme with sun, as you suggested, or, that they really did have reference to light field pieces, which are guns, and would be harder to transport around in every clime and place. The first four lines, second verse of the Marine Corps Hymn are:*

*"Our flag's unfurl'd to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun;*

*We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun;"*

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)

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THE SERGEANT TELLS THE COLONEL

YES, Colonel, I feel kind of proud to get this high school diploma. Sure, it took a lot of study, but the time rolls by pretty fast. It wasn't too long ago that I made up my mind to get on the ball. You see, when I came in the Marine Corps I thought 2½ years of high school was plenty. I learned different—the hard way! I missed a couple of good breaks because I wasn't a high school graduate; and another thing, I used to feel, well—maybe a little awkward or even a little self-conscious when people would ask: When did you graduate from high school?

I guess the MCI diploma tells the rest of the story. I just set aside Monday night as study night and then when I got in the swing of it, I put in another night or two on the books. I wasn't doing anything but shooting the breeze around the barracks anyway. It wasn't easy at first because I had been away from school for a few years, but it sure comes back fast once you get going.

You know something, Colonel? I kind of go for this stuff now that I've given it a try. I figure I might just as well keep on going so I'm taking some MCI college courses now. No, sir, I don't plan on being a "buck" sergeant forever!

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

A SIGN OF RESPECT

Sirs:

In the November issue of Sound Off you replied to an inquiry concerning the question whether or not a man (enlisted) wearing the Congressional Medal of Honor rates a salute.

When I was in the Corps, the salute was a sign of respect and courtesy. Now let me ask one question.

If a man to whom the whole United States has paid tribute by awarding him its highest and most honored decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor, does not rate a sign of respect, who in the hell does?

I think a Marine would have to be pretty tired not to salute the wearer of the CMH.

Please don't get the idea that I am ridiculing your staff. On the contrary you keep up my morale.

Ralph Robinson
Colton, Calif.

● The editor of this column did not say a wearer of the CMH should not be saluted, he merely said that regulations did not require anyone to salute an enlisted man so decorated.—Ed.



YOUNG OFFICERS

Sirs:

In reply to Mr. D. Borelini's claim as the youngest officer in the Corps, during the war, I should like to aid you in the "search" by placing my few vital facts on the record.

I was commissioned as second lieutenant on 24 February, 1945, with a date of rank from 20 February, 1945. I was born on 27 April, 1926, and therefore had to get a waiver on my age as I wasn't quite 19 years old—18 years, 9 months and 28 days, to be exact.

I don't think that is a record, but it might help to narrow down the field.

Paul E. Jensen
New Orleans, La.

BIG SNOW JOB

Sirs:

I just finished one of the greatest "snow jobs" I have ever read in my seven and one-half years service with the Marine Corps. Where do men dream up stuff like that "Proposition For A Press Agent," (October, 1947 *Leatherneck*—Ed)? Of course, Lees being middleweight champion of China was the first laugh, but they got bigger and better as I read on.

Here's the best one, "Lees' outfit with the serious task of lobbing mortar shells from the Rock to the mainland into enemy positions." Our mortars had a maximum range of 600 yards. Now imagine firing at an enemy seven miles away—the closest distance from Corregidor to the mainland is seven miles.

The next one was that yarn about his running over a Japanese. How did that old Chinaman turn into a Jap and the charges against him were drunken driving, having an auto out without orders, hit-and-run, and on the streets after twelve o'clock curfew. Running over a Jap is better. I'll grant you, but why foul a good magazine up—let Paramount do it. If a guy did something give him credit, but don't lead people to believe this guy won the war.

Lees' Bunky

● Maybe Sgt. Allen, the author of this story, ran afoul of Lees' press agent.—Ed.

FRANK JAMES' DEATH

Sirs:

We were having an argument recently, that almost developed into a fist fight. We would like to know if Frank James, Jesse's brother, was killed in front of a bank, was sent to the penitentiary and died there, or was pardoned and died a natural death. If you can tell me, what year did he die?

PFC Frank W. Shea
Guam, M. I.

● Frank James surrendered soon after the death of Jesse, but was never brought to trial. He was born in 1843 and died of natural causes on a small farm in Missouri in the year 1915.—Ed.



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MARSHALL ISLANDS

Sirs:

I would appreciate it very much if you could answer these two questions for me:

(1) What Marine outfits were in on the Marshall Island invasion, and what islands did they fight on? Did they land on D-Day, or how soon after? Were any Army units on the islands before the Marines landed?

(2) Do you know, or could you find out what was the name of the song played just before the movie started at the First Division movie on Pavuvu, Russell Islands? It was played by Artie Shaw, but this is all I know about it. This was at the division movie, down by the pier.

Wesley M. Rush

Peoria, Ill.

● The Fourth Marine Division participated in the assaults of Roi and Namur Islands in the Kwajalein atoll, while the Army landed on Kwajalein Island. The Twenty-Second Marine Regiment landed on Engebi Island in the Eniwetok atoll and the 106th Army Infantry landed on Eniwetok Island. The 3rd Battalion, Twenty-Second, was pulled out of Engebi to support the Army landing on Eniwetok, landing there when the Army encountered heavier resistance than was expected. The entire Twenty-Second Marines later landed on Parry Island, Eniwetok atoll.

Both the Fourth Division and Twenty-Second Marines also landed on a number of other islands, encountering no serious resistance. But Marines landed on D-Day in every instance, and only at Eniwetok did the Army and Marines fight on the same island in the Marshalls.

We do not know the name of the song played at the First Division movie at Pavuvu, but perhaps some of our readers who were there could provide the title.—Ed.

AM I SENIOR PFC?

Sirs:

I have heard a lot of talk in the Marine Corps about Senior PFCs, and want to get my name on the list. I may not be senior, but I have been a PFC for four years and two months and have never been busted.

At the present I am on the staff of Colonel C. A. Rovetta, helping to organize the 15th Infantry Reserve Battalion, here in Galveston, Tex. I am now on my second cruise and would like to know how far down on the list I am for senior PFC. PFC Wilmer Warrington, Jr. Galveston, Tex.

● We don't want to discourage anyone, but you will have to have more than four years in grade to get anywhere near the top of the Senior PFC list.—Ed.

HARD-HEADED MARINES

Sirs:

It seems the Marine Corps must fight during peace as well as war, but it is sometimes necessary to uphold our honor in various ways.

I received a letter from my sister who informs me that a certain John McGeehee put all his accumulated knowledge and wit into an article which was published in a weekly newspaper of the company for which he works, and stated that the Marines would have to be Leathernecks in order to hold up their concrete heads.

Just so our friend will not leave this earth as misinformed as he is now, I would appreciate it if you would give us the straight dope on how we obtained the name "Leathernecks."

... Don't let me down.

Franklin H. Dorsett
Columbia, Mo.

● "Leathernecks" is supposedly another one of the names given to Marines by the sailors. It was derived from a black leather stock Marines once wore around their necks, first for the purpose of protecting their necks from pike and sword thrusts, and later as a means of keeping the high coat collars stiff, since the collars were attached to the leather stock. The collar was some three inches high and fitted snugly under the jaw bone, keeping a Marine's chin up and his eyes straight ahead.—Ed.



WELCOME MARINES

Sirs:

I would like to know where this sign was posted as stated in "We-The Marines" under "Post War Anecdote" of November, 1947 (Leatherneck) page 46, upper left hand corner. (The sergeant is referring to an article in Leatherneck telling about a sign that greeted the first waves of Marines as they came ashore on Guam. It was supposed to have read: "Welcome to Guam, U. S. Marines, The U. S. Navy."—Ed.)

My company was one of the first landed and we saw no such sign nor did we ever hear of it.

MSgt. G. J. Boyd
Pearl Harbor, T. H.

● We landed on Guam, too, and never saw this sign, but heard about it. Not being very curious at the time, we never checked up on the story, until a couple of years later. Many men claimed to have heard of this sign but none admitted having seen it. Perhaps some of Leatherneck's readers can pin it down for us. We are wondering which beach it was on—Asan or Agat.—Ed.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)

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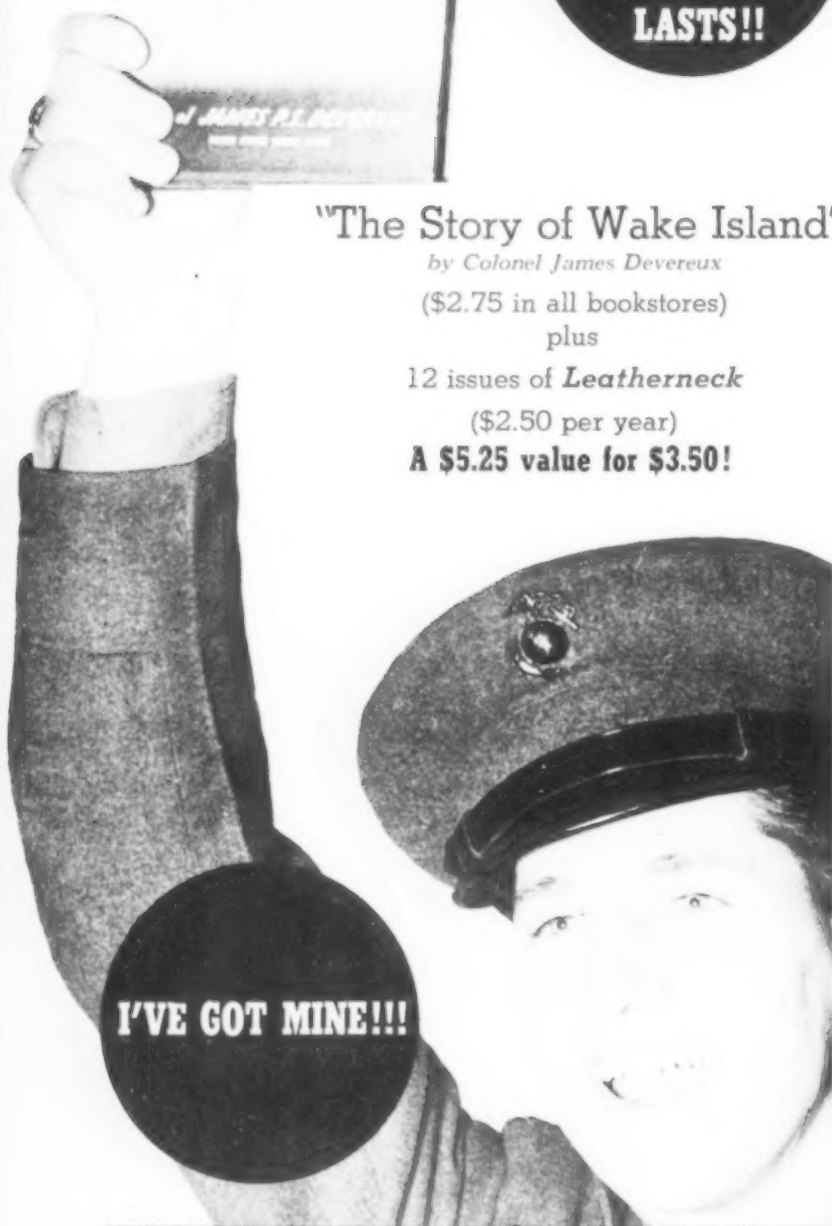
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Following are condensations of letters written to the Sound Off editor by relatives of Marines who died during the war, seeking information concerning their deaths.

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H. J. Dupont, 3134 Ozark Ave., Port Arthur, Tex., concerning the death of a friend, First Lieutenant John C. Gravitt, I Company, 3rd Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Division, killed on Peleliu.

Mrs. Laura Cannon, 1929 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia 25, Pa., concerning the death of her son, FM1-c Herbert S. Cannon, 1st Battalion, Twenty-Ninth Marines, killed in action on June 28, 1944, at Saipan.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie E. Hartley, 800 N. Third Ave., Phoenix, Ariz., concerning the death of their son, Private Leslie Gerard Hartley, D Company, 32nd Replacement Draft, First Marine Division, killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. E. W. Rhoden, 1312 Fourth St., Kerrville, Tex., concerning the death of her son, Corporal E. D. Rhoden, Company B, Eighteenth Engineer Regiment, Second Marine Division, killed in action June 24, 1944, on Saipan. Also the present address of Corporal Russell Fasig.

Mrs. Della Nesbit, 434 Florence St., Waterloo, Ia., concerning the death of her son, PFC Lyle Niel Francis, G Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-fourth Marines, Fourth Division, killed on Saipan.

Mrs. Joseph Bargnesi, 391 Colman St., New London, Conn., concerning the death of her brother, Private Aldo L. Sorcinelli, Company C, 1st Battalion, Twenty-Fourth Marines, Fourth Division, killed in action on Saipan.

Mrs. Jennie Goraj, 1188 Glynn Ct., Detroit 2, Mich., concerning the death of her son or from anyone who knew Private Stanley Richard Goraj, E Company, 2nd Battalion, Second Marines, killed on Tarawa.

Mrs. Agnes Wynn, Hamajima Housing Unit, HA-10A, c/o Naval Base, Green Cove Springs, Fla., concerning the death of her son, Private Maurice B. Paris, Company A, 24th Repl. Draft, Fourth Marine Division, killed in action March 6, 1945, on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Lilla Martin, Saxton's River, Vt., regarding the death of her son, PFC Stephen Martin, Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-sixth Marines, Fifth Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

Corporal George C. Chambers, Hdq. Co., H&S Bn., First Marine Division, FMF, Camp Jos. H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., concerning his brother, PFC Robert L. Chambers, Jr., supposedly aboard a Japanese hospital (or prison) ship when it was sunk by a Navy plane in 1944.

Albert F. Litano, 13 Esther Terrace, Pittsfield, Mass., about PFC John Saltamartin, killed on the beach at Tinian; especially the name of another Marine pictured with him at Tent City, Camp Lejeune, before they went overseas.

Mrs. T. V. Skiles, 4527
Scyene Rd., Dallas 10, Tex.,
about the death of her son,
PFC Earl Ray Skiles, E Com-
pany, 2nd Battalion, Eighth
Marines, Second Division,
killed while enroute to Saipan
aboard an LST on 15May
1944.

Albert R. Menzies, 3145 Portland Ave., Minneapolis 7, Minn., concerning Private Delmo Miller, Company F, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, wounded, and probably died March 15, 1945, on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Ida Drucker, 125 Hooper Ave., Tom's River, N. J., concerning the death of her son, PFC Maurice J Drucker, E Company, 2nd Battalion, Eighth Marines, killed on Tarawa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Vaughn, 124 East Lisle St., Kendallville, Ind., concerning the death of their son, Private Paul L. Vaughn, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, Third Division, killed in action March 3, 1945, on Iwo Jima.

Mr. M. Cohen, 189 Ross St. Brooklyn, N. Y., concerning the death of his son, Hyman Cohen, Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, Fifth Marines, fatally wounded on Peleliu and buried at sea.

Mrs. J. R. Lassiter, 45 Court St., Portsmouth, Va., concerning the death of her son, PhM3/c Grayson Blackwell Lassiter, Company D, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-Eighth Marines, Fifth Division, killed in action on Iwo Jima, March 4, 1945.

Mrs. P. Pereira, 625 Mehle Ave., Arabi, La., concerning the death of her son, Corporal Pat R. Pereira, I Company, 3rd Battalion, Fifth Marines, reported killed on Peleliu.

Mrs. Eleanor Marie Getz, 628 Oak Ave., Langhorne Rd. #3, Langhorne, Pa., concerning her son, PFC William Getz, serving aboard the USS *Nevada*, killed March 27, 1945, and buried at sea.

Mrs. Drucilla M. Sederwall,
Route #1, St. Charles, Mo.,
concerning the death of her son,
PFC Charles R. Sederwall, E
Company, 2nd Battalion,
Twenty-Sixth Marines, killed
on Iwo Jima.

PFC Lawrence A. Schriver, SMS 33, MAG 33, El Toro Santa Anna, Calif., concerning the death of his brother, First Lieutenant Thomas M. Schriver, VMTB 232, Fourth Marines Air Wing, killed in a plane crash in the Caroline Islands.

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Bill Arthurs, Locker Plant,
Public Square, Galesburg, Ill.,
concerning the present address
of Craig Rossman.

Mr. Ed Nelson, 4403 Forest View Ave., Rockford, Ill., concerning the whereabouts of First Lieutenant Don Watson, USMCR, regarding mutual friends, Nick and Maria Cherniavsky at Tsingtao, China.

Rudolph V. Konetchny, Portland Point, N. Y., from friends in Boot Camp at Parris Island during July, 1941; especially George Cronin and Bob Johnson.

Mr. John Marsh, 55 Silver St., Waterville, Me., concerning the present whereabouts of a Marine whose name is remembered as H. Burton Davies, whose home is possibly in Utica, New York.

Kenly Ross, (a former British Marine Commando), 12 Seaforth Road, Golspie, Sutherland-Shire, Scotland, to hear from Marines or Women Reserves, especially those serving outside of the United States.

Edward Mrugala, 21 Washburn Ave., Cambridge, Mass., concerning the address of buddies who were in the 9th AAA Seacoast Artillery Battalion (Headquarters Group) on the Russell Islands and Guam.

Former Sergeant Ignatius C. Gosczyński, 10365 Aurora, Detroit 4, Mich., to hear from former members of Rec. Depot P. O. Personnel at Parris Island from Nov. 1941 to Sept. 1944. Also from any former members of HqCo., 32nd Repl. Draft, and from personnel of the First Division P.O., while on Okinawa and in China until January, 1946, and from, at that time, Platoon Sergeant J. Harris, 3rd Recruit Battalion at Parris Island and later an instructor at Sea School in Portsmouth.

James J. Ramp, 1208 N. 19th St., Philadelphia 21, Pa., to hear from Cecil J. Sevier, who last served at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, as a member of the 13th Defense Battalion.

Corporal Chris Nelson, Marine Det., USND Bks., Portsmouth, N. H., to hear from buddies who served with him at the Boston Navy Yard in 1943-44.

Mrs. Oliver Rice, 1002 10th St., Galveston, Tex., to hear from friends of her late husband, Platoon Sergeant Oliver (Cotton) Rice, especially from Chuck Burson, and those who served overseas with him in the First Armored Amphibs.

Miss Vestarya Luellen, 1505
2nd St., Apt. D, Alexandria,
La., from friends or relatives
of SSgt. Donal A. Strange,
Company B, 411th Inf., USA,
thought to have been killed in
Germany.

Robert L. Stephenson, Box #5940, Jasper, Tex., concerning the present whereabouts of Kenneth G. Belt (ex-Lieutenant, USMCR) who was last heard from at USA, D259249, K6RC Hdqs. APO 887, c/o FPO New York.

Mr. & Mrs. Omer W. Palmer,
367 Kendall St., Aurora, Ill.,
concerning the present address
of TSgt. C. A. Rosenfeld, with
Marine Aviation in Hawaii,
who wrote but forgot to include
a return address.

Harold W. Vander Hyde,
810 - 32nd St., SW, Grand
Rapids, Mich., to hear from
friends formerly in the 2nd
Battalion, Eleventh Regiment,
First Marine Division.

Kay Hill, 622 E. High St., Lexington, Ky., to contact a friend, Lieutenant M. Miano, formerly with D-2nd Medical Bn., Second Marine Division, thought to live in San Francisco.

Theodore P. Horton-Billard, 100 Prospect St., Passaic, N. J., to locate a friend, Joseph Kohn, formerly the Jewish chaplain's orderly in the Sixth Division until December, 1945, when he left Tsingtao for the States.

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A black and white portrait of a man in a naval officer's uniform, wearing a cap with a crest. He has a mustache and is looking slightly to the right.

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TRAVEL



With the **U.S. MARINES**



**Bob Bailey gave
the radio men a snow job
and now he
spins platters and yarns for
his own radio show**

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

disc recruiter

THERE is more than one way to crash the radio racket. Back in 1942 when a call went out from San Diego's Marine Base for experienced radio actors, Private Robert S. Bailey snowed himself into a bit part by proclaiming himself a seasoned veteran of the mikes. He failed to mention that his seasoning had taken place in the audience of two of the "Halls of Montezuma" programs. These were the only two radio shows he had ever witnessed.

Bailey's clipped hair and frequent "yes sirs" meant only one thing—he had just emerged from boot camp. But that didn't matter to the hard-pressed production manager, Bailey got the part and was heard on the famed "Montezuma" program which starred Tyrone Power in the dramatization of the exploits of the Guadalcanal hero and Navy Cross winner, Al Schmidt.

But the brash, tall-talking recruit's snow job paid off, and today Sergeant Bob Bailey not only writes and produces the Corps' new peacetime show, "The Marines Are On The Air," but he has his own program as well. It's the "Leatherneck Album" an all-record program heard every Saturday over San Diego's KUSN. Spinning the platters has become as much a part of Bailey's duty as troop and stomp is for a Camp Pendleton Marine.

Jump music, recurring advertisements, and incessant transcribed announcements are the ingredients which compose most typical platter programs. A disc jockey who doesn't extol the merits of Mad Man Monk's used cars or Crunchy Wunchy breakfast food is rare. Bailey's show is similar to those of his colleagues, but instead of lauding a civilian product he talks up the benefits of the Marine Reserve.

One of his favorite announcements reads something like this: "Marines have taken part in every engagement in our national history, having made over 200 landings on foreign shores. The Corps leads the way in peace as well as war. Be a good citizen. Be a citizen Marine!"

Successful disc jockeys enjoy swing music and talk the jive jargon. Audiences are made up mostly of teenagers, and what they say about the records they play has to be "reet with the cats" or the program loses listeners. A disc



Jive, stomp, and breeze-shooting make up up the "Leatherneck Album." The radio fans and WO Carl Sorenson of the San Diego Reserves enjoy Bailey's informal interview

TURN PAGE 59

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Esther Williams

*MGM's star smiles happily even
though the fence may be board*

Books Reviewed

THE MARINES' WAR. By Fletcher Pratt. William Sloane Associates, New York. \$5.00.

FLETCHER Pratt's saga of the Marines is a refreshing relief on a market already glutted with verbose accounts of World War II battles. He is no newcomer to Marine readers and once again he has combined his sharp talent for scholarly military authenticity and his ability to write highly readable narrative prose to produce an account of the Pacific struggles of which he and the Marines may well be proud.

The publisher tells us that the author would not undertake a report of this stature without the assurance that he would have free and complete access to official files of the war, including Japanese war records, permission to interview eye witnesses whenever he considered the files inadequate, and complete freedom of expression of opinion. It is to the Marine Corps' credit that these stipulations were granted, for, while the facts are official, the book itself is not an official history of the Marines' war and the opinions (direct—and let the chips fall where they may) are strictly Mr. Pratt's.

From Guadalcanal to Okinawa each campaign is laid bare for retrospective examination, each as an integral, strategical part of the war in the Pacific. More than a quarter of the book is devoted to the action on and around Guadalcanal, a fact which might prompt the reader to accuse Mr. Pratt of over-evaluating this one particular campaign, but the accusation does not hold up as the true meaning of the Guadalcanal victory is brought forth. Here, as in succeeding campaigns, each small action is broken down to its smallest detail, providing a gun-sight picture which is



seldom, if ever, found in a non-professional book.

While analysing each campaign with the scholarly approach of the military historian, Fletcher Pratt diagnoses their individual peculiarities with the skill and thoroughness of an eminent physician. Such diagnoses as: Tarawa, "The Tough Nut"; Bougainville, "Beachhead in Jungle"; Saipan, "The Shock at the Beaches"; Tinian, "Perfection"; Peleliu, "The Hardest Battle"; may be open to argument but the symptoms on which these diagnoses are based are hard to discount.

Mr. Pratt's complete change of pace from humorous anecdotes to serious revelations makes the book enjoyable reading for the uninitiated civilian as well as for the professional Marine. But the text matter is not restricted to Marine action. Throughout the entire book we are aware of heretofore unpublished accounts of Japanese strategy gleaned from captured Jap documents and written in the medium of flash-backs to the minds of Japanese generals before, during and after each key battle. Vivid accounts of all naval engagements and the high level, strategic planning and decisions which paralyzed the fighting men and machines of America against the Bushido of Japan are

rendered in easily understandable resumes.

While "The Marines' War" will undoubtedly arouse heated debates among the former members of the various divisions as to the relative merits of their old outfits, no open-minded reader can honestly place one unit in the foreground, for, with each individual man fighting as only Marines can, this book has made it unequivocally clear that the far-flung Marine divisions all played an equally important role in establishing a fighting record which has never been equalled. —R.A.C.



THE STAINLESS STEEL KIMONA. By Elliott Chaze. Simon & Schuster, New York. \$2.75.

FOLLOWING closely on the heels of the multitudinous manuscripts recounting the rigors of combat during World War II comes this cleverly written bit of nonsense covering the riotous exploits of seven paratroopers pulling occupation duty in Japan.

Although they were taught to fight tough and dirty during their Stateside training period, the ribald characters of this yarn soon learn that the only war they will have to fight is with boredom, and that turns out to be a zany battle.

For the reader who fancies himself as a girl's Valentino, a humorous approach to Japanese courtship is offered in the form of the passionate feet of Motoku, baby daughter of an upper-middle-class family in Shiogama. Motoku takes advantage of the traditional custom of removing shoes within the family home to introduce her own version of "footie under the table" to the author who finds her passionate feet fully capable of sending sultry messages beneath the round, 16-inch-high table.

If you are an habitué of the cigaret you will find that the paratroopers are not content with the conventional use of the mighty weed. With smug pride they devise a cigaret test for proving whether or not a girl is a "quick trick." (A girl was a quick trick if she cooperated before finishing at least three cigarets. If it took a pack and the better part of a pint she was fairly nice.)

In breezy fashion, this carefree group continue on their merry way, tempting fate and making laughs for themselves as they go. Such nonsensical subjects as The Rat With the Ragged Tooth, How to Hypnotize a Monkey, A Brave Mouse, How to Smell a Ski, The Handpicked Volunteers and many others are all given full chapter treatment in a flavorful fashion. While the characters remain the same throughout the book, each chapter is a distinct story in itself making for good piece-meal reading as time allows.

"The Stainless Steel Kimono" makes no attempt to crusade, build false heroes, or ridicule established heroes or events, as most of the postwar books do. It merely shows how one particular group reacted to the occupation job and how they diverted themselves from the

task in their spare time. From the standpoint of good, light reading, the book deserves a wholehearted recommendation. —R.A.C.

LO, THE FORMER EGYPTIAN. By H. Allen Smith. Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. \$2.00.

THE creator of the prize fighter who wrote love stories in "Low Man On A Totem Pole" and the cat who inherited a million dollars and the New York Loon's baseball team in "Rhubarb," returns to the scenes of his childhood in his latest literary effort, "Lo, The Former Egyptian." The somewhat ambiguous title concerns Mr. Smith's nativity in the vicinity of Vincennes, Indiana, otherwise known as "Little Egypt."

Somewhat less than a page is devoted to the actual land of the pyramids, the Nile and the pharaohs, and it would appear that these few lines were written for the sole purpose of introducing an atrocious pun in which Smith avers that among the great men of Egypt was Ptolemy Philadelphus who was the son of Ptolemy Pretty Maiden (are there any more at home like you).

Unfortunately Smith's pilgrimage is a disappointment. In Indiana, on the banks of the Wabash, he can't see the candlelight gleaming in the sycamores because it's daytime, and he is positive that a whiff he once got of a beautiful woman at New York's Stork Club is better than all the hay that has ever been new mown.

The author's dismay was paralysed to some extent by my own disappointment in reading



the book. This letdown was the result of the inevitable comparison of this book to his other best-sellers, "Life in a Putty Knife Factory," "Lost in the Horse Latitudes" and the aforementioned "Rhubarb" and "Low Man on a Totem Pole." The fantastic absurdity of these books is not as much in evidence in "Lo, the Former Egyptian."

Judged on its own merits, however, "Egyptian" is an amusing conglomeration told in Smith's inimitable style. His digressions from the plot are numerous, and he uses it merely as a means of progressing from one absurd anecdote to another. Thus, he is able, with perfect aplomb, to tell us how he cured his daughter's idolization of Frank Sinatra and in the next breath he recalls his son's enrollment in a correspondence course which advocated the building up of the muscles through dynamic tension. From these two entirely unrelated subjects, he runs the gamut of topics from a fraternity initiation to his opinion of how the Indianapolis Speedway should be run.

The writer is aware of the fact that this review can do naught but provide a vague hint concerning Mr. Smith's latest piece of whimsy but, after all, fantastic reviews are the results of fantasies. —W.F.K.

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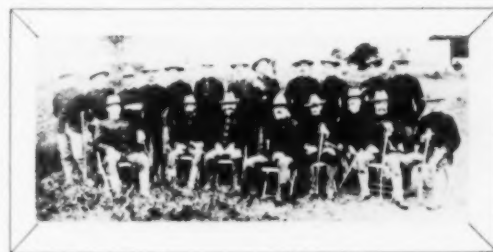
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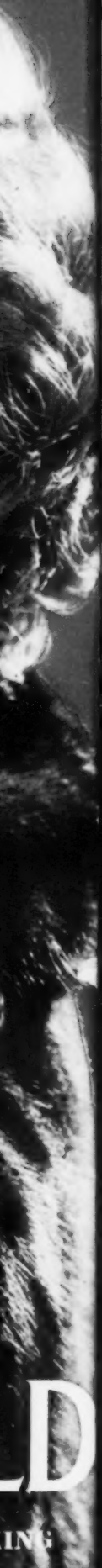
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